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THE MUSIC OF THE STREET.

It certainly requires a very considerable quantity and a very brilliant quality of imagination to see any poetry in the life of a street organ-grinder; but our artist, Mr. W. S. L. Jewett, who has drawn the beautiful engraving which we present on this page, is evidently of a romantic turn of mind, and able to see sentiment of a serious sort even in the common, everyday scene which he has reproduced. And yet, easy and idle as the life appears to be, it is by no manner of means all sunshine. The able-bodied organ-grinders of New York are nearly all Italians, who have left their native hill-sides with strange ideas of this blessed land of liberty, and reaching here are very much astonished to hear the first official authority in the land declare that "freedom means the liberty to work," and that men have actually to work for their daily bread. Naturally they seize upon pursuits that require no previous preparation or acquaintance with the language, and become either fruit-dealers, image-peddlers, or organ-grinders—generally the latter. It has long been a custom both here and in Europe for speculative Italians to induce their countrymen to emigrate by paying their passage and loaning them organs for street music. The conditions are that a certain sum shall be brought home nightly, the overplus being retained by the employé. This business has been conducted in past years with great success, and has in many instances realized moderate fortunes. In this city there are establishments also where organs are loaned for about twenty-five cents a day, to itinerants, who often realize from two to three dollars daily by their use. All these people are apt, on arrival, to betake themselves to the vicinity of the Five Points, where both sexes, to the number often of a dozen or more, occupy promiscuously one room, and sleep in an atmosphere of dirt, grease, and onions, mingled with the fumes of bodies more or less diseased. The floor, or a thin, filthy mattress, is their only bedding, with a covering either of their day-clothes or a ragged blanket of the most repulsive kind. In the hot nights of summer they fly from this atmosphere of vermin and suffocation to the roof, while their fellow-lodgers, Irish and colored, resort to the carts lying in the street or to the idewalk. Sometimes for a brief hour of prosperity they escape from these purlieus, but oftener they have no roof of any sort under or on which to seek shelter or cooling breezes.

But every body does not look on the subject in this sentimental light, as witness one of our poets on the same subject, but in a very different strain:

Yes, the war-whoops of the Indian may produce a pleasant thrill
When they're mellowed by a distance that one feels increasing still;
And the shrilling of the whistle from the steamer's brazen snout
May have minor tones of music, though I haven't found them out.

In the orchestra of Nature—in the wind, the wave, the cloud—
There are harmonies unnumbered, though the style is rather "loud."
Nay, I'm willing to acknowledge that, throughout the realms of sound—
With one dreadful reservation—there may melody be found.

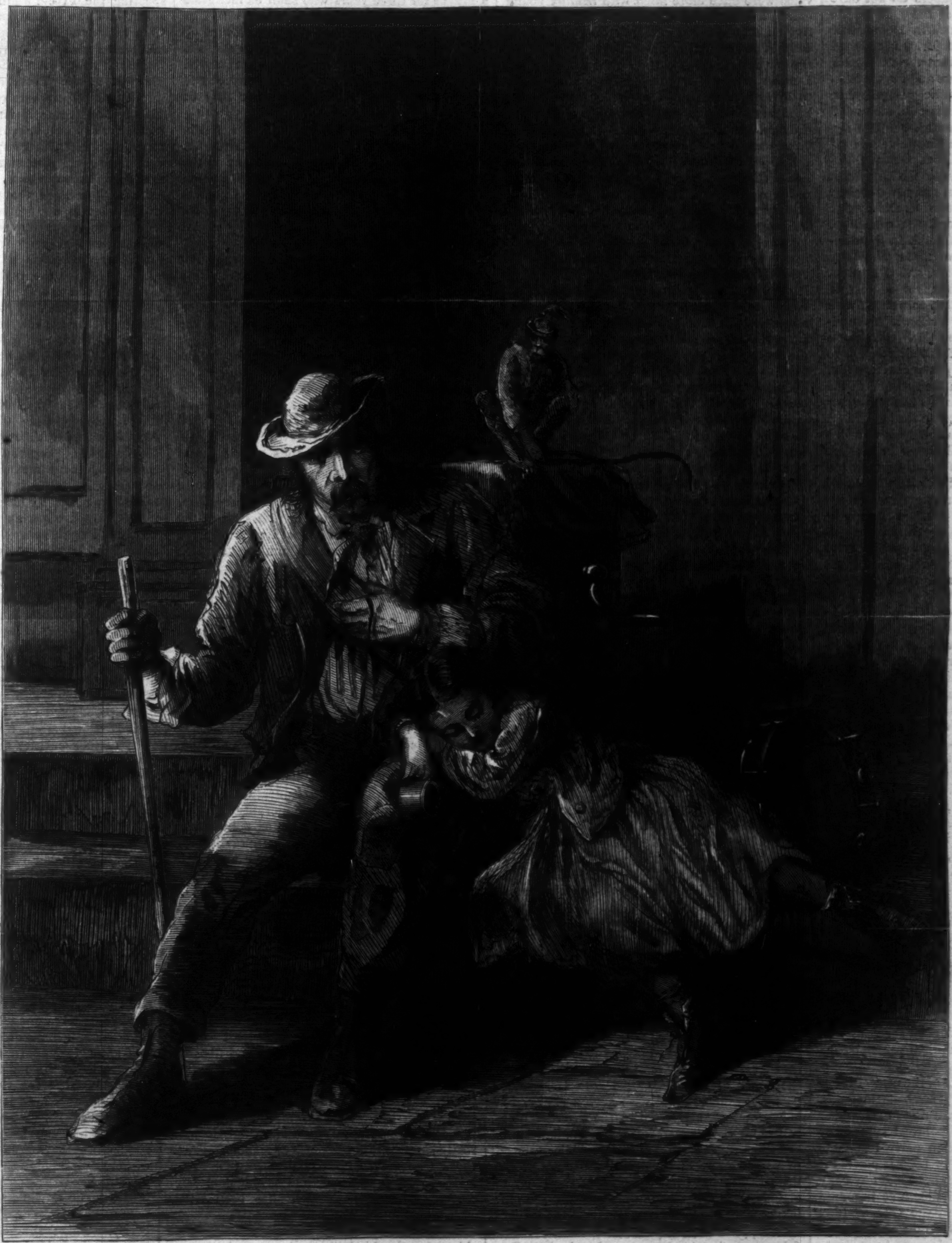
But oh, human fellow-creatures, of the cheering faith possessed
That there lurks a charm in music to beguile the savage breast,
Now I put it to you meekly, did there ever bosom beat
With a throb of joy responsive to the Music of the Street?

Did you ever know a brother, whether civilized or wild,
From the pale-faced son of Europe to the dusky Afric child,
Who could find a charm of music in the strangulary wheeze
That is twisted from the organ of the nomad Genoese?

Was there ever human tympan so inveterately hard
That it was not wrenched with torture by the strolling Savoyard,
When with grimy little talons he is plucking at the sharp,
Tintinnabulating catgut of his wretched little harp?

Ah! no wonder fabled Orpheus moved the stolid rocks and trees,
If his efforts "held a candle" to such fearful ones as these;
Nor that Pluto, in the anguish of his music-troubled sleep,
Sent Eurydice to stop him, and believed the bargain cheap!

Up and down the highways gathered in a Heaven-ascending pyre,
Should those dreadful organs perish in a holocaust of fire,
And if any swarthy beggar thenceforth broke the rest of sound
I would grind him, by the Powers, finer than the tunes he ground!



"THE MUSIC OF THE STREET"—THE ORGAN-GRINDER.—[Drawn by W. S. L. Jewett.]

GRAPE CULTURE IN AMERICA.

Mr. Peter B. Mead, an authority on grapes, says in his work on American Grape Culture, lately published by Harper & Brothers, that "there are few material interests that at present claim a larger share of public attention than the culture of the grape;" and that it is "fast working itself up to the first position among the productive interests of the country. The capital invested in it may already be counted by millions; and a time will come when the products of grape culture will be found among the exports of the country." Disclaiming any idea of asserting that Americans will make better wines than Europe, the same able writer goes on to say that we shall, however, make better wines than those which Europe sends us, and that "our best wines will possess a fruity bouquet natural to but few of the wines of Europe—a bouquet that grows upon the taste, and which will make our wines sought after by all connoisseurs."

There are immense grape vineyards in California, and the "California wines" are sold in large quantities in this city; the "Grape Garden of Ohio" is extensive and profitable, and Nicholas Longworth's Catawbas are drank in Europe; while the "Grape Vineyards of the Hudson" are even more productive and profitable, though less extensive, than those of the other named localities. The vineyards of Dr. Grant, in the Highlands, and Dr. Underhill, at Croton Point, are among the largest of those on the Hudson; but there are numerous other vineyards on the river at Hastings, Dobb's Ferry, and elsewhere; and indeed it may be said that almost all points along the Hudson are finely adapted for grape culture.

The grapes are gathered at about this season of the year; and as appropriate to the season and subject, we give on page 680 an interesting and picturesque view illustrating the process of gathering grapes. The view was taken on the vineyard of Dr. R. T. Underhill, at Croton Point, Westchester County, New York. A portion of the large tract of 60 acres which he has under cultivation is seen in the fore-ground. The Hudson is seen on the left.

The Point, where the vineyards are located, is about sixty feet above the water, with a soil some twenty-two feet in depth, and entirely of a mineral formation, being composed of granite, gneiss, hornblende, isinglass, and silex, with a small mixture of oyster-shells, being the disintegrated rock washed down and deposited by the Great Northern Drift. The vineyards show a gentle easterly and southerly slope, with a belt of woods running around the westerly sides, sheltering the vines from storms and cold winds, and allowing the fruit to fill out and ripen to its greatest perfection and sweetness. To bring the grapes used for wine to the highest perfection, from three-quarters to four-fifths of those which form on the vines are destroyed in June, and those which remain are allowed to get exceedingly ripe and sweet; they are then picked and assorted with the utmost care, that no unripe or imperfect berries or foreign substance may get into the wine-press.

As a companion picture to that of "Grape-Gathering," we give on page 681 a picture illustrating a scene now to be witnessed on almost every farm in the country—that of "Gathering the Pumpkins." "Pumpkin culture" is not quite so important as that of grapes, perhaps not so pleasant or so romantic; nevertheless, it is a process which imperatively demands the attention of the farmers for a few days of every year, and our picture is one which will interest thousands of our readers.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, October 26, 1867.

THE ELECTIONS.

THE moral of the late elections is plain. Even the Democratic papers do not dare to claim it as an approval of the Democratic policy or a vote of confidence in Democratic leaders. The Republican majority is reduced in Ohio; but who supposes that the falling off means trust in Vallandigham and Pendleton who conducted the Democratic campaign in that State, or desire for the national shame of repudiation which they advocated? The figures show, not that the Democratic vote is every where largely increased, but that the Republican vote is passive. That is the significant sign. That is the instruction and the warning.

The election shows general dissatisfaction among the Republicans; and the causes we suppose to be a want of confidence in the comprehensive political ability of many who have become conspicuous as leaders, and discontent with the method in which the great purpose of the party is being worked out, as well as with the corruption and intestine feuds which are always to be found in great parties. But there is no indication whatever of any disposition to adopt the Democratic policy of reconstruction. That policy is founded upon the theory that the war was a mere riot, and that its end left every thing except slavery as it was at the beginning. The practical result of this theory is that the ex-rebels are the only legal voters in the late rebel States, that there can be no others without their consent, and that the civil and political rights of the loyal freedmen are wholly at the mercy of the ex-rebel class. There is no indication whatever of any such significance as this in the late elections; and to suppose it is to suppose that the people who have won a great victory at so tremendous a cost are ready to surrender it to the enemy.

There are those in the Republican party who have long felt dissatisfied with many who filled the place of leaders. For ourselves, for instance, while declaring our admiration for the indomitable tenacity to principle of Mr. Thaddeus Stevens, we have more than once expressed distrust of his sagacity as a party chief. Of General Butler and Mr. Ashley we said a month ago, as often before, that whatever their ability and party service "they are not men in whose wisdom the sober, thoughtful, influential body of the people confide." Certainly Mr. Wade and Mr. Chandler, with all respect for the sincerity of their convictions and the ardor of their eloquence, do not inspire an equal respect for their good sense, which is the indispensable quality of a party leader. We will mention no more names, and we speak of these merely as of those which have become very familiar. But this very popular familiarity inevitably makes the party responsible for all the whimseys and propositions of these gentlemen. That it really may not agree with them is of no importance; and hence the paramount good policy, to say no more, of selecting men as representatives of whose intellectual ability, general wisdom, discretion, and good sense, as well as personal honesty and political principle, the party is perfectly sure.

The present defeat will be of the utmost benefit to the Republican party if it suggests this truth. It is nothing more than a warning to remember by what a delicate tenure political supremacy is held. In 1862 the Union party lost Ohio by five thousand majority, in 1863 it carried it again by a hundred thousand. Does any body imagine that such figures indicate so immense a change of purpose? Did the vote of 1862 show hostility to the war, and that of 1863 support of it? Not at all. Ohio steadily supported the war; but there were enough who were dissatisfied and disgusted, for a hundred reasons, to stay at home or even to protest by voting against their party. So now nobody need suppose that the loyal people of this country are sorry for the war, or wish again to place in power the men and the policy which caused it. But they do wish that the results of the war should be wisely secured. We do not believe that they are tired of the sublime American doctrine of equal rights; but they do not necessarily approve all methods by which their establishment may be sought. The watchwords uttered by the State Republican Convention of New York are those of the party throughout the Union: "National Reconstruction through Liberty and Justice. State repose through integrity and economy."

THE TWO PARTIES.

In commenting upon the late elections the New York *World* says, after enumerating certain acts of the Democratic party in former days: "In complaisance to its Southern wing it made mistakes on the slavery question, and lost the advantage of leadership. In its attempts to prevent opinion advancing too fast it fell behind, and there could not be a more fatal blunder at present than an attempt to carry the public opinion of the country back to the point where it stood when, to save the train from destruction in moving down a declivity, the Democratic party went from the engine to the brakes."

It is simply too late. The debauchee of sixty, shaking with ruined nerves, and tortured with "the horrors," looks back to his youth, and sighs that if he could only be rid of his nerves, and purged of his delirium, and if his veins were once more filled with healthy young blood, he might be a well man. The *World* forgets that the best men of its party left it when it fell behind and became the tool of the slavery interest; that from that moment the Democratic party has existed first as a pander to slavery, and second as a paralysis of the loyal war. The earnest, vigorous youth of the country, inspired by the great idea of liberty, have justly learned to associate the name of the Democratic party with all that is reactionary and anti-American. They saw that no man could openly and heartily denounce human slavery and remain a Democrat. When the war came they saw that no man could wholly support it as a hopeful movement for human liberty as well as the Union without being discarded by the Democratic party. They read in the *World* apologies for treason and traitors rebelling to save slavery, and incessant sneers at the President and the Government, which, to save the Union, sacrificed slavery. They saw the Democratic opposition to the draft, to taxation, to all vigorous efforts for National safety. They saw the Democratic party in the East nominating Thomas and Horatio Seymour, and in the West Vallandigham; and finally heard it shout with exultation at Chicago that the war had failed. This was the Democratic party before and during the war, deserted by the older men, who had given it conscience and a true popular sympathy, and despised by the younger, whose political life began with the campaign of 1860.

And what do we now see? The Chairman of the Democratic National Committee is August Belmont—one of the most notorious of Copperheads during the war; the man who rebuked a young Union officer for his natural wrath with an English nobleman who wore a rebel badge in M. Belmont's house—the facts of which were made public at the time. In the State of Ohio the political campaign just ended was conducted for the Democrats by Vallandigham and Pendleton, and Judge Thurman the Democratic candidate for Governor was a Copperhead of the same school. The Chicago *Times*, a rebel sheet through the war, and of unchangeable malignity, is the chief Democratic organ in the Northwest. In New York Horatio Seymour, who preferred to sacrifice the Union rather than slavery, is the great Democratic leader—and the city of New York illustrates the purity of Democratic politics. Meanwhile the Democratic national policy, as revealed in Democratic speeches, resolutions, and editorials, is to retain just as much of the spirit of slavery as possible; to talk of the necessity of conciliating the Southern brother, if he be a white ex-rebel, and to ridicule and despise him if he be a colored loyal man: while virtual repudiation of the national debt is openly advocated by the representative Democratic leaders of the West.

Now for the future political development of this country there are but just two fully organized parties. Every man must act with one or the other of them. One is the Democratic party, so officered and with such a policy. It is instinctively supported by the disloyal, ignorant, and vicious element of the population every where. The other is the Republican party, of which many of the best Democrats of the days before the total servility of the party to slavery were among the founders and are now leaders. This party is with equal instinctiveness supported by the young, generous, thoughtful, progressive, intelligent, and truly American element of the population. Its history is the record of the triumph of the Union and of emancipation. Its purpose is equal rights and fair play for every man. The noble impulses of human nature, the course of civilization, the sympathies of good men and of the truest liberal party in every land, are with it. It has made mistakes, like all parties. It has been used by well-meaning and ill-meaning adherents. But it is still full of energy and youth. Its great purpose is still unachieved. And why should any man to whom that purpose is precious leave a party of such a history and of such an impulse to ally himself with the other? If the Democratic party would reorganize itself in the hope of future success, it can only be upon the principles upon which the Republican party is already organized and has always stood. When it throws "Copperheadism" overboard, and abandons a stagnant Conservatism, and cuts loose from its pro-slavery affinities, it throws away what strength it has, and in becoming wisely progressive, and in seeking justice and equal rights ceases to be the Democratic party. A few men may see that its only chance as an organization lies in becoming more Republican than the Republicans. But the sinner is already past sixty. His nerves are hopelessly shattered. He sees snakes, and he can only weep and sigh for the youth which returns no more.

THE GOVERNMENT OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

The minority report of Mr. J. M. Francis, a member of the Committee on Cities in the Constitutional Convention, is a very strong and conclusive statement of the question at issue.

The majority report proposes the election of a Mayor for three years who shall be ineligible for the next succeeding term, and who may be removed by the Governor for cause. Heads of Departments, and all other executive officers, are to be appointed by the Mayor and removed by him at pleasure; and the Legislature is to have no power to interfere whatever may be the situation.

So vast and hopeless a despotism erected in the State appalled even Mr. Henry C. Murphy, who knows what influences control, and in the nature of man and society must control, a popular election in the city of New York, who sees also that such a Mayor will name his successor, and he protested in another minority report against this crushing one-man power.

The debate upon this astounding proposition has not yet been reached by the Convention; but it will be opened soon after the reassembling, and we trust that all good citizens of New York will make their opinions upon the subject very audible.

This majority city report is undoubtedly intended to be one of the great compromises of the new Constitution. Some of the Republicans, we presume, hope to buy Democratic support of equal suffrage, or of some other vital Republican reform by delivering the city of New York alive into the hands of Fernando Wood, John Morrissey, and "the Ring." And we further presume that they feel that they might as well gain what they can, because, in their opinion, no effort of theirs or of the Convention can save the city of New York from the anarchy and Vigilance Committee to which it is inevitably tending.

But whatever the reason of the extraordinary proposition of the majority report, it is one which can not be adopted without the most deplorable consequences. The city of New York, in which the population is purely exceptional, reinforced every year by an immense ignorant immigration of which only the worst part remains in the city, will always be controlled by the party which panders most basely to ignorance and vice.

There is no charm in the mere form of popular government—the value lies in its exercise—and it can be exercised beneficially only by virtue and intelligence. Education and the constant elevation of political morality; that is, constant insistence upon bringing politics and politicians to the test of common morality, are the only means, therefore, by which a republic can be made more helpful to mankind than any other form of government. The chances of virtue and intelligence are undoubtedly greater in a republic for manifest reasons; but a mere sense of self-interest will not supply their place, although it is a powerful auxiliary to them. The truth is, that ignorant men do not know their interest, and passionate men willingly sacrifice it to gratify passion. What enraged slaveholder ever spared a slave a personal injury because it was against his interest to hurt his property? With an ignorant and debased constituency it is also in vain to suppose that good government can be attained by concentrating responsibility in a single officer. Let such a constituency, for instance, elect a Mayor like Fernando Wood, does any thinking man really suppose that his sense of responsibility to those who elect him will give New York an honest, decent, efficient, and economical government? The experiment has been tried. Was it successful?

Knowing these simple facts, if the people of this State should deliberately surrender a part of it, so important to the whole as the city, to the indisputable supremacy of local ignorance and vice without an effort forcibly to correct that ignorance, and with a judiciary system which necessarily increases that vice, it would do an incalculable wrong to itself as well as to the city. If the people of the State wish to cherish consistent respect for the popular principle, they are to remember that that principle lodges power in the whole people, not in any portion of it. The whole may, indeed, delegate to a portion such part of the power as they choose, but they have no moral right to delegate any such power unrestricted to an ignorant and vicious portion. Therefore, in our judgment, it is the duty of the State to retain through the Legislature the supervision of the city of New York, and to exercise that supervision whenever and however it seems to them the good of the city and of the State may require it.

Mr. Francis justly shows that a city has no more claim to independent government than the smallest town in the State, and most cogently urges the view we have set forth. Editor of the Troy *Times*, one of the ablest and most energetic papers in New York, resident in a city which has experienced like New York the immense advantage of the metropolitan police system, and a thoughtful and sincere student of great public principles and questions of administration, he has taken a position upon this vital point in the new Constitution in which we sincerely trust he will be heartily sustained by the Convention.

RAIDS UPON OUR BONDS.

Twice within a fortnight the money market has been unsettled by vicious attacks upon the Government securities. The excitement respecting the Five-Twenties had scarcely subsided, and the bonds had barely time to rally from their temporary depression, before it was discovered that the Seven-Thirties had been tampered with. Attention was first drawn to the fact at the Treasury Department, where duplicate numbers were received of those bonds that had been sent in for redemption. These notes were so well executed as to baffle critical examination; indeed, experts among the heavy dealers in "Governments" were the chief sufferers by the imposition. It was scarcely possible to determine the precise nature of the fraud, whether a counterfeit or an over-issue, whether an exquisitely correct imitation of the original, or a transfer from the genuine plate purposely a little defaced. Those who attempted to penetrate the mystery became yet more mystified, and the opinion soon obtained currency that the roguery had its birth-place in the Treasury Department itself; otherwise, the execution of work requiring such exquisite skill would not have been possible in this country. Employés in the Department, who naturally wished to remove suspicion from themselves, maintained that the fact that no engravers in this country outside of Government employ could produce such a job was proof that the plate had been prepared in Europe, and a conclusive argument in favor of the integrity of the Department. Investigation has not yet succeeded in positively locating the crime; nor is it ascertained what amount of spurious notes has been issued, though it is believed to be but a few hundred thousands. Less than two hundred thousand have been detected so far.

Although the excitement in financial circles which attended the discovery of this fraud was very considerable for a time, causing a material depression in the class of securities tampered with, it has now nearly passed away, and the temporary decline has been recovered. No difference is made in the price of the 2d series of Seven-Thirties and any other series. What better proof need we of the people's confidence in the national credit than this astounding elasticity of its securities under the most crushing blows?

This is not the first time that the Seven-Thirties have suffered from fraudulent attacks. Some months ago an over-issue was detected, but the public excitement was quieted as quickly then as now. The Compound Interest Notes have also been counterfeited heretofore. These circumstances, in themselves, need occasion no alarm; United States bonds are not less exempt from the attempts of counterfeiters than other notes and bonds of this or other countries. But that which most naturally excites apprehension is the simultaneousness with which these attacks upon the public credit have been made of late. Coupled with the assaults upon the National Banks and other schemes well calculated to derange our finances and impair public confidence, it looks as though some conspiracy was afoot to undermine the national credit. When we see the joy with which the slightest indications that the United States will break down under its debt is hailed in England, and the efforts there made to prejudice the public mind against our securities, we become suspicious that there are enemies both within and without. Possibly ten centuries of peace-making and hand-shaking would not eradicate the innate jealousy which England and European nations have of the American growth and prosperity. This feeling of jealousy is but natural. It may not manifest itself so long as the national sky is unclouded, but so soon as signs of tumult or storm appear it gleams forth in unmistakable intensity. We have not forgotten how European capitalists predicted, when the war broke out, that we should presently be on our knees to them for aid, and how they gave us to understand in advance that application would be useless; how they chuckled over the prospect of our being weakened through disintegration, and the benefits they were to receive therefrom; nor how the castles they had built dissolved into mist when the magnitude of our resources was developed; nor how very humble they became when the national flag waved in triumph over the crushed rebellion and cemented Union. We have heard their cries of wonder at the ease with which we carry and reduce our debt, and we have seen the facility with which our bonds are disposed of in foreign markets; and we now see as plainly how prompt and eager they are to throw up their cap over the possibility that we may still fail and go to the dogs of repudiation.

But we shall disappoint the expectations of all enemies at home and abroad. There is no possibility of so base a consummation. The fact is, the country has already passed the severest test to which the national debt is likely to subject its financial machinery; the people do not wish to escape the payment of the debt; ingenious projects of repudiation will win no favor except among the base and unscrupulous who always fatten upon public disorders; our bonds are not to be depreciated, nor will it be permitted that the national credit shall be jeopardized to answer any party political end. It has been urged as a wise policy upon the part of Congress to set the Five-Twenty question at rest by a short supplementary act, declaring that the payment of the interest on these bonds is a specie obligation. This would give renewed confidence to investors abroad. As to the Seven-Thirties and all other classes of securities, there will be less pecuniary risk to holders and purchasers the sooner the consolidation of the public debt is completed. Whatever expedients are adopted to insure greater security, one thing is certain, the integrity of the nation is as unassailable through its bonds as it was through traitorous political counsels.

A WISE COUNSELOR.

We commend to all Democrats who may be called upon to draw resolutions for political meetings the letter of Rufus Barringer, of North Carolina. During the war Mr. Barringer was good rebel enough to be hugged to the most constitutional Democratic heart. He improved all the opportunities which Democratic treachery lavishly offered him and his friends to destroy the Government and ruin the country. But, having done his best and failed, he has acquiesced in the result, and it is in that wise conduct that his example is so sadly needed by the Democratic party. From April until August, 1865, Mr. Barringer was a prisoner of war in the Northern States, and carefully observed the temper of the Yankee mind. He says that he came to the following conclusions:

1. That there was no vindictive feeling whatever, and a universal disposition to treat the vanquished kindly if they, and especially their leaders, "came up fairly and squarely to the great results of the war."

2. That "negro suffrage was destined to come." Many Democratic papers conceded it. It was a simple act of justice, and a mere return to the principles of 1776. It was also the opinion of President Johnson, as shown in his dispatch to Governor Sharkey and his conversation with Major Stearns.

3. "That the Republican party was the power with which the South had to deal." It contained the live men of the North. Its principles and policy had ended the war victoriously, "and shed lustre and renown on the Northern name." It was inconceivable that a people which had seen and shared the glorious triumphs of such a party would intrust their cause, their honor, the fate of their colored allies, the safety of the Southern Unionists, the hopes of Europe, and the payment of their debt to the mercies of their recognized foes, the Copperheads and Confederates.

4. That not only the existence of the South, but her truest and highest interest required the sincere acceptance of the progressive ideas of the successful party. It was better that these ideas should extend Southward naturally than be forced at the point of the bayonet. If the South welcomed the principles the best Northern element of population would come. If not, the worst.

More sensible conclusions it would be difficult to imagine, and they were shared probably by the great multitude of people at the North. But when Mr. Barringer returned to his home he found the people there, especially the political leaders, totally blind to the great facts of the situation. Mr. Barringer proposed some of the natural and inevitable changes—qualified colored suffrage, universal education, the welcome of Northern immigrants, modification of the old laws to the new situation, a gradual subdivision of the great landed estates, adoption of the currency and pledges to maintain the National debt. "But the politicians clung to their old habits of pandering to sectional pride and caste." They lashed the ignorant public mind into fury. Instead of acquiescence there was the most stupid resistance to the results of the war, and a reaction naturally took place at the North. After waiting two years for the conquered party to confess their defeat, and accept the consequences which defeat implied, the Republicans lost all faith in the Southern leaders, and they passed the Reconstruction bill. If the resistance continues, in Mr. Barringer's opinion, worse will come, for he does not believe that the people of the Northern States are fools enough to be tired or cheated out of the fruits of a victory which has cost them so dearly.

His counsel is, therefore, that the white people of the Southern States should stop yelping at Yankee emissaries, and cease their hostility to the political rights of the colored citizen. When this is done the colored vote will be found to be in the best sense conservative, and will unite with that of the Southern whites in the protection of common interests and principles. Mr. Barringer mourns the troubles that press upon his section, but rejoices that they are no worse. "Fierce and savage as the conflict was while it lasted (such are all civil wars), thus far we have had no executions for treason, no edicts of banishment, no confiscations. When before did a great war and revolution thus terminate? For one, I have not despaired of the country, and have not lost all faith in free institutions. I hope ere long to see our people restored to all their rights and privileges—all fear of confiscation removed; and in the incoming tide of immigration and enterprise a new era will dawn upon our desolate land."

Compare this view of the war, its consequences, and the present situation, by a late rebel, with the speech of Horatio Seymour, an unchanging Copperhead, at the Albany Democratic Convention. One is the expression of a clear-sighted, generous, and sagacious citizen; the other of a snarling, sour partisan. One is the view of a statesman, the other of a demagogue.

DEMOCRATIC FRIENDSHIP FOR THE SOLDIERS.

The height of impudence is touched by the last resolution of the New York Democratic Convention, expressing "profound gratitude" to the victorious soldiers of the war. Those soldiers know better than any one else what kind of friend to them the Democratic party was during the war.

The Union soldiers remember very well that it was a Democratic Secretary of War who put hundreds of thousands of arms and tons of ammunition into the hands of rebels.

The Union sailors have not forgotten that it was a Democratic Secretary of the Navy who sent all the national ships out of reach.

The soldiers and sailors remember that they were Democratic leaders who told the rebels that the war should not be confined to the South.

They remember that it was the Democratic papers and orators who called the Union army and navy "Lincoln hirelings," "minions of a satrap," and "bummers."

They remember that it was the same Democratic authorities which called the summons to arms "usurpation" and "tyranny."

They know that they were Democrats who organized "Knights of the Golden Circle," and "Sons of Liberty," to aid the rebels; Democrats who resisted the draft; Democrats who incited the riots; Democrats who asked sneeringly, with Horatio Seymour, "where are those victories?"

They have not forgotten that they were Democratic Legislatures which refused a vote to the soldiers in the field.

They have not forgotten that, after one Union army had bravely struggled through the Wilderness, and the other was heroically pressing toward Atlanta, when the great movement that triumphantly and unconditionally ended the war was in progress, it was the Democratic National Convention, the same Horatio Seymour presiding, which declared the war a failure.

The soldiers and sailors of the Union know that if any thing could have made the war a failure, and the deaths of hundreds of thousands of their brave comrades a useless sacrifice, it was the treachery and malice and hatred of the Democratic party.

And now, when the leaders of that party wish to win the votes of the soldiers and sailors to undo the victory of their arms, they declare in convention—the same Horatio Seymour presiding—that the soldiers and sailors have won "imperishable honor."

So they have, over rebels in the field and Copperheads helping them at home.

"JUSTICE AND GOOD FAITH."

General Butler's letters upon the payment of the public debt have certainly not deepened public confidence in him. His last point is, that when the Five-Twenty Loan Bill was passed it established the interest at six per cent., payable in gold, but said nothing as to the currency in which the principal was to be paid. He adds, that the law providing for the issue of greenbacks made them a legal tender for every debt *except* duties on imports and the interest on the public debt. If they were not to be received for principal of the public debt, why except the interest, asks General Butler. His conclusion is, that the Five-Twenty bonds are payable in currency, and he prefaces it with the remark that his "most earnest desire is that the Government shall fully, honestly, and exactly meet every one of its obligations according to the exact and equitable condition of every contract it has made with its creditors. I would advocate nothing short of this, and justice and good faith require nothing more."

Now justice and good faith require the interpretation of the contract in the exact spirit in which it was understood by both parties when it was made. The sole question then is this: Did the Government when it borrowed mean to pay at maturity in gold, and when the money was lent did the lenders understand that they were to be paid in gold?

Or to put it in another way, would the Government when it wanted to borrow have been willing to announce that it meant to pay in the manner now indicated by General Butler?

And if it had done so, would the people have lent their money?

There can be no doubt of the answer to these questions. There is, therefore, no doubt of the mutual understanding between the Government and its creditors. That understanding is, "the exact and equitable condition" of the contract which "justice and good faith" require us to fulfill.

A MASSACHUSETTS MAN.

The "Life of Josiah Quincy of Massachusetts by his son, Edmund Quincy," just published by Ticknor and Fields, is one of the most delightful of biographies. It is written with perfect temper and taste, without filial exaggeration, and with an unobtrusive and humorous quaintness of manner which will not be strange to those who are familiar with the shrewd wit of the author, who maintains both the honor and the character of the name he bears. The narrative is continuous and skillful; and it is of the greatest interest and value, for Josiah Quincy's public life fell upon a time with which this generation is little familiar, and upon political contests in which those of our day had their origin.

Mr. Quincy went to Congress in 1805, and left it in 1813. During all that time he was one of the straitest Federalists. Carefully trained for public life, no man upon the floor was more independent, more incorruptible, more uncompromising, of deeper convictions, of a readier wit, or of a more flowing eloquence, than he. The chief question when he entered public life was the purchase of Louisiana. Mr. Quincy approved of the purchase, but he earnestly opposed the introduction of the territory into the Union as a State without the express consent of the people of the old States at an election especially called. He believed that the consent would be given in the case of Louisiana, but that Jefferson, in the interest of slavery, wished to establish the principle that Congress alone might multiply States. In a letter to Levi Lincoln of the 30th August, 1803, Jefferson himself said: "Congress should do what is necessary in silence. I find but one opinion as to the necessity of shutting up the Constitution for some time." When the final question came up in Congress on the 14th of January, 1811, Mr. Quincy made a speech which is very famous. The slavery party always quoted it as the original declaration of the right of secession, and delighted to assert that it came from a New England blue-light Federalist. Hildreth, in his history, confirms this view.

Mr. Quincy, in the opening of his speech, said that if the bill passed "the bonds of this Union are virtually dissolved," and that it would be the right and duty of the States to prepare definitely for a separation, "amicably if they can, violently if they must." This is very unmistakable. The biographer, however, makes the distinction between this position and that of the slave-party afterward that Mr. Quincy did not assert that the Constitution itself granted the right of any State to withdraw from the Union; but that when the Constitution was violated in the interest of a section and against the welfare of the whole nation, the right of revolution might be invoked and each State resume its individual independence. It seems to us clear, however, that Mr. Quincy did not mean to declare the right of resort to revolution as usually understood, but to assert the dissolution of the Union by a violation of its terms. And that, of course, brings us to the old question, who shall decide? There is no doubt, however, that Mr. Edmund Quincy speaks truly when he says:-"The secessionism of Josiah Quincy was the vindication of the rights of freedom against the unconstitutional aggressions of slavery; that of Jefferson Davis the vindication of the rights of slavery against the constitutional restrictions of freedom."

When the war of 1812 was at hand Mr. Quincy, although a Federalist, voted to make preparation for it, because he considered any war a less evil than the anti-commercial system of Jefferson. He made a noble and memorable speech for a navy. But he did not wish war. He wished only to remove the commercial restrictions and stand, if necessary, upon the defensive. Therefore he voted against the declaration of hostilities, and he wrote the address of the minority, which was the official argument of the Federalists against the war. The next year Mr. Quincy opposed the invasion of Canada as "cruel, wanton, senseless, and wicked." The force and effectiveness of this speech were so great that Mr. Speaker Henry Clay came down from his chair to punish the ardent orator, and declared that he soiled the carpet on which he trod! This from Henry Clay to Josiah Quincy is exquisite. Mr. Quincy's retort was pungent and conclusive.

These politics of a past day have a peculiar freshness and timeliness in our own; and both the public story and the private society of the time are vividly touched by the biographer. What Mr. Quincy was in Congress he was in every position to the end of his long and stainless life. The same energy, independence, purity, and large intelligence marked his whole career. He was eighty-nine years old when the rebellion began. But he was probably the least surprised man in the country. He had foreseen it and foretold it half a century before. Nobody knew the inherent necessity of the war more fully than he, and he lived to see its great consummation, in emancipation, although he died before Lee's surrender, on the 1st of July, 1864, in his ninety-third year. There are few finer figures in our history than Josiah Quincy, nor ought any book to be more precious to every American than one which, like this, illustrates the triumphant career of a thoroughly honest, disciplined, and devoted American citizen.

AN EX-REBEL VIEW OF COPPERHEAD PROPHECIES.

Those who perplex reunion at the South are the objects of Democratic pity: not the ex-rebels who truly acquiesce. The real opinion of the Democratic party, which is now held by many of its old allies in the Southern States has been heard from Governor Orr and others, but there is a very neat statement of it made by Mr. Barringer. It is in the following words, which may be meditated at this time with peculiar profit: "The treacherous utterances of the Copperhead press, which has ever fed and fattened on the follies of the South, and which has ever led us to death and destruction, are again gathered up. People forget 1861, when at the first shock of arms the 'mudsills' were to rise; 1862, when M'Clellan in his rage and despair was to seize the Government; 1863, when the Northwest was to resist; 1864, when the Peace Democracy was to triumph; 1865, when Mr. Johnson would certainly crush Radicalism; and finally 1866, when the Philadelphia Convention was to sweep the country. *Behold the result of all these prophecies!* And yet when a Southern man dares to rise above the passions of the hour and tell the people the unvarnished truth he is denounced as a traitor to his race and section."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

NEWS ITEMS.

Elections were held on October 8, in Ohio, Iowa, and Pennsylvania. The race was closely contested in Ohio, where the Republican candidate for Governor was elected by a majority of only about 3000. The Democrats gained several members of the Legislature; enough, it is thought, to secure the return of a Democratic Senator to Congress in the place of Mr. Wade. The negro suffrage amendment was, we regret to say, defeated by a considerable majority in consequence of the apathy of its friends. In Pennsylvania the contest was merely over a judgeship, and was less exciting and interesting, politics not entering so largely into the issue as in Ohio and Iowa. The Democratic candidate was elected by a meagre majority—the vote of the city in which he resided, and in which he was personally very popular, turning the scale in his favor. In Iowa the Republican candidate was elected by the usual heavy majority.

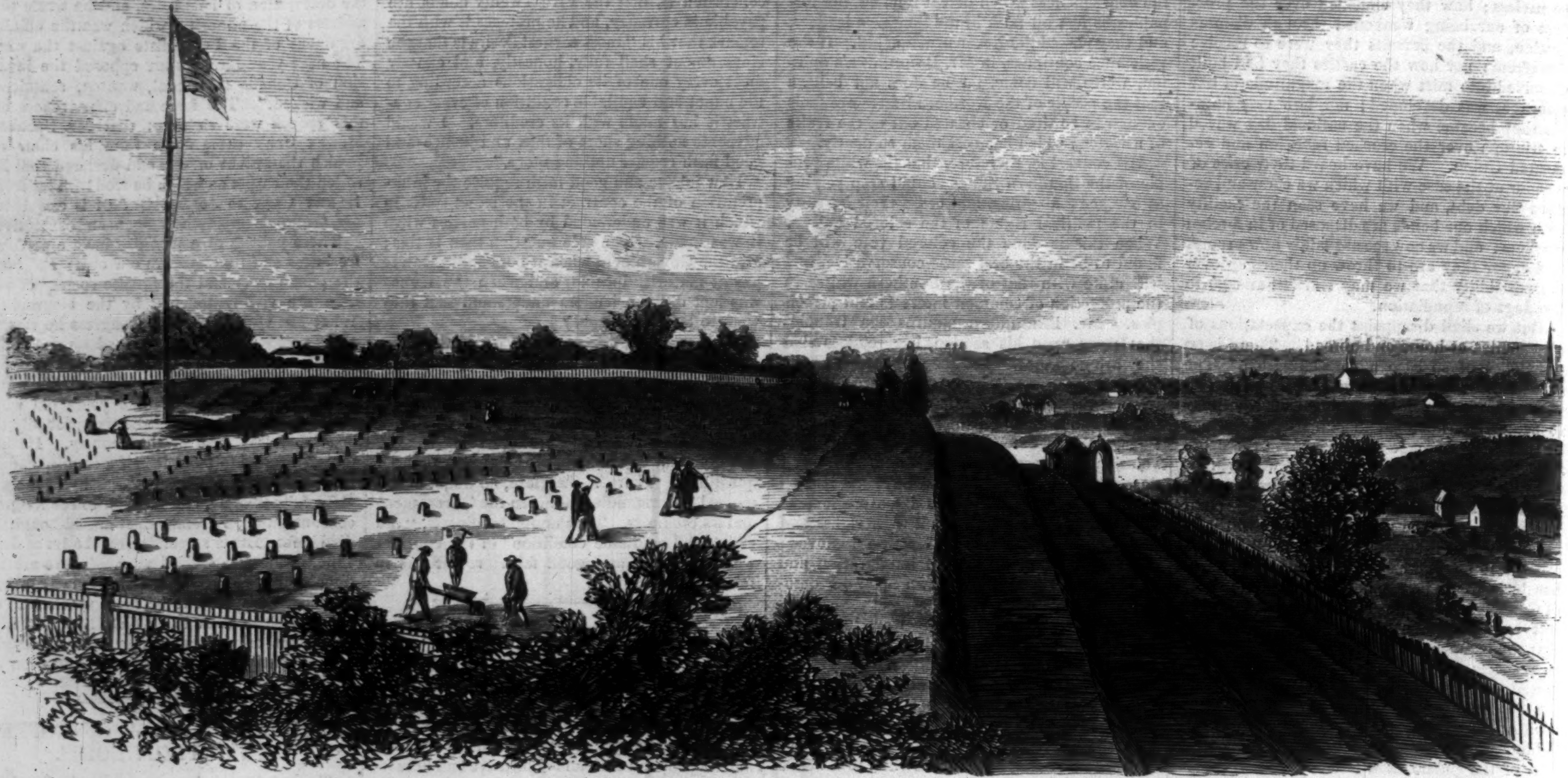
New Orleans is building school-houses for her colored children, and has lately appropriated $75,000 for that wise purpose. White and black are to be educated separately.

Statistics of colored education in Virginia show that ten thousand negroes in the State have learned how to read during the past year.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Roman insurgents and their Italian allies have been uniformly successful in their efforts against Rome. Since our last record closed they have gained two victories over the Papal troops, and have advanced considerably toward Rome. The most important movements, however, have been the political ones of Victor Emanuel in asking to be released from his obligations of the year before, and the significant reply of Prussia, to the effect that the demand is just, and that Italy will be supported in taking possession of Rome in the event of its capture by the insurgents. The announcement of such purpose on the part of Prussia induced Napoleon to agree with Austria that the occupation of Rome by Italy might be made, the present Pope to retain his temporal power in the city, but all temporal authority of the Papacy to end on the death of Pius the Ninth.

Bavaria, the largest and most important of the states of South Germany, strongly favors the proposed union with Prussia, or North Germany. In the Diet, on October 8, Prince Hohenlohe, chief minister of the Bavarian Cabinet, declared that "the true policy of Bavaria was to seek union with the North German states under the Presidency of the King of Prussia, and at the same time to take steps for the establishment of a firm and enduring alliance with the Empire of Austria." It may be said that, as goes Bavaria, the most Southern and most *Austrian* of the South German states, so goes Wurtemburg and all the rest.

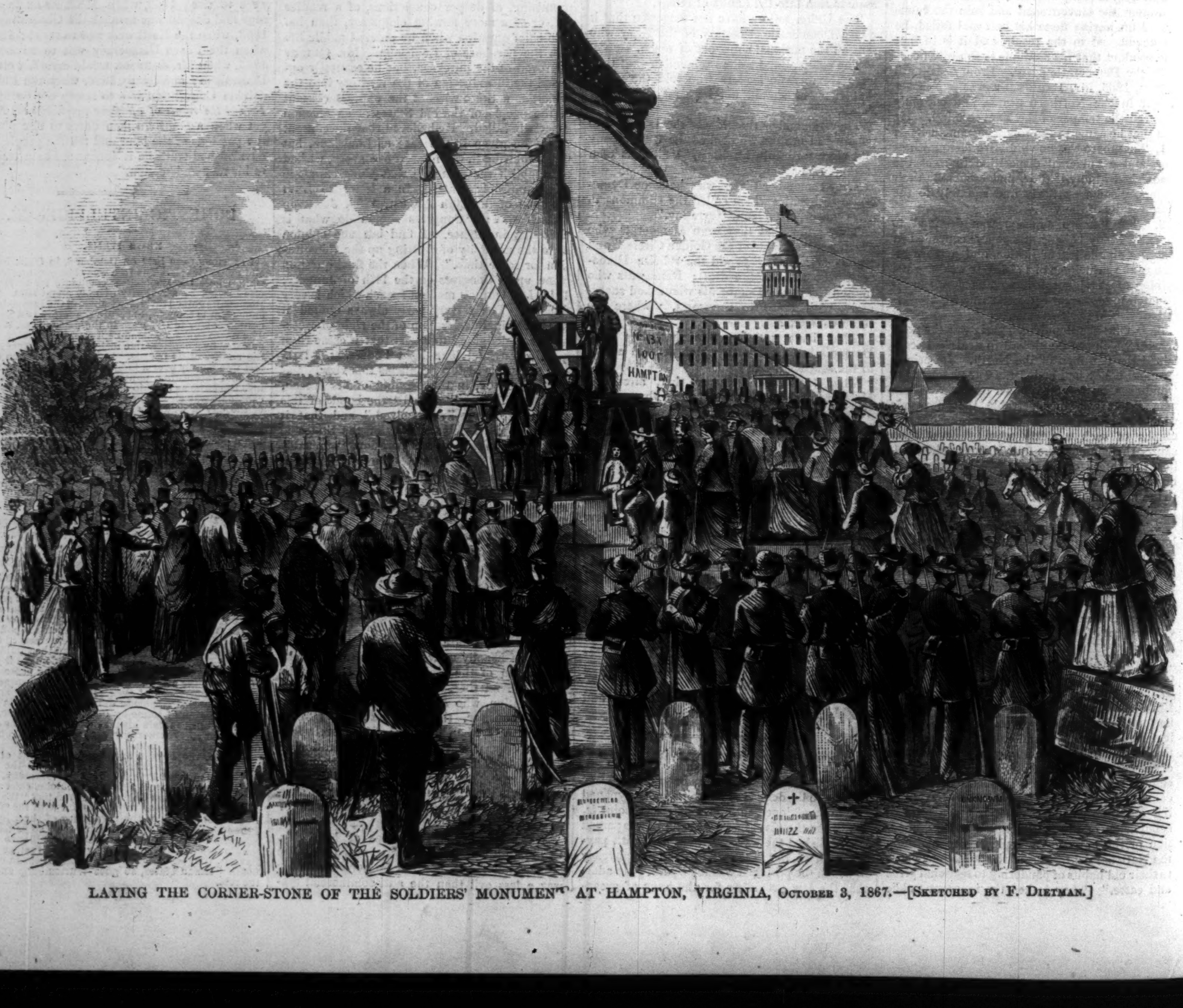


NATIONAL CEMETERY AT FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA.—[Sketched by W. L. Sheppard.]

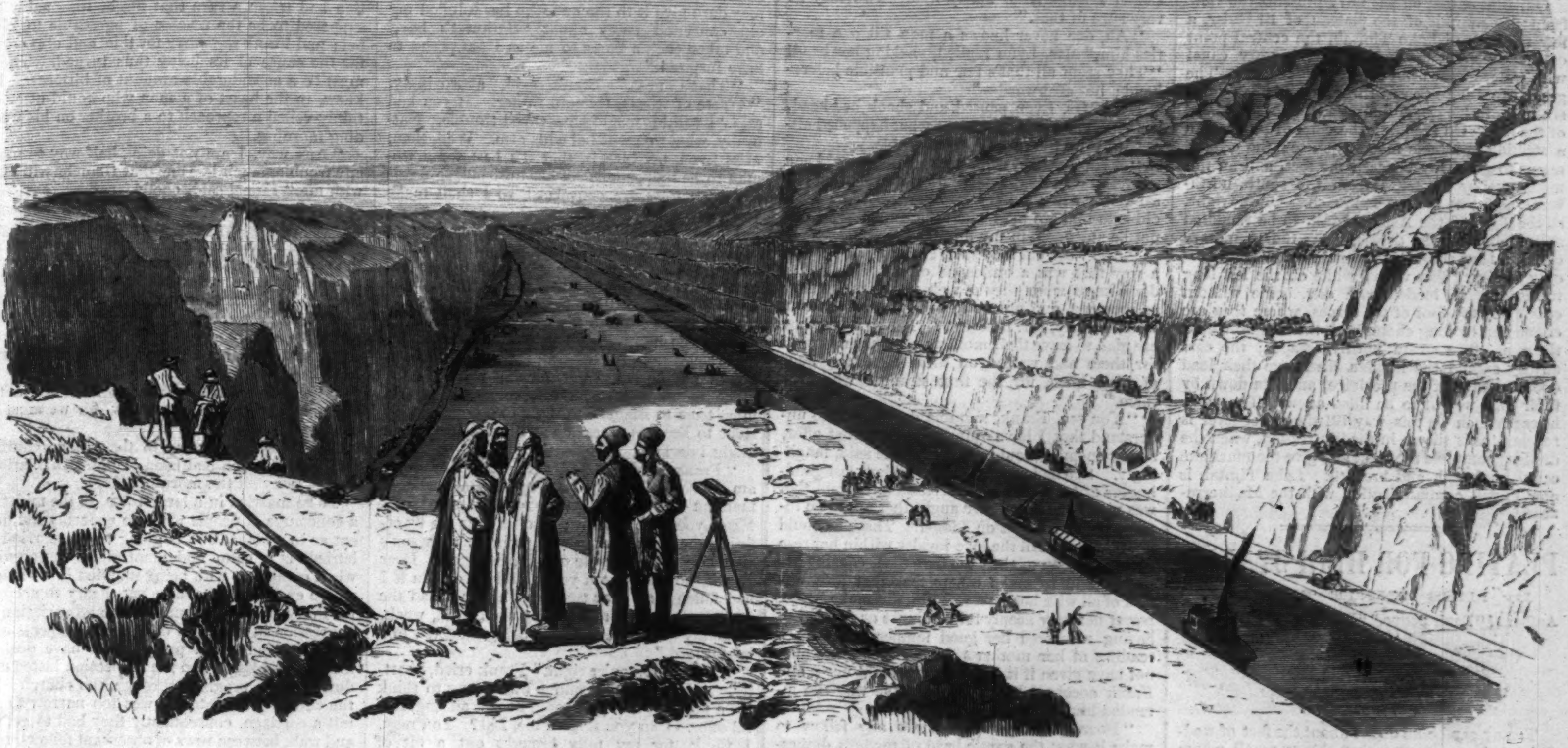
OUR NATIONAL CEMETERIES.

We believe the country is indebted to General Oliver O. Howard for the organization of the Burial Corps which has so systematically and skillfully collected and buried the fallen soldiers of the late war for the Union. National cemeteries have been laid out and are in course of completion on every great battle-field of the country; and monuments have been erected to the memory and in honor of the men who fell thereon. The most extensive of these burial grounds of the nation are at Gettysburg, Antietam, Nashville, Chattanooga, Andersonville, Vicksburg, Fredericksburg, and Hampton.

Our illustrations on this page relate to the last-named two. The ceremony of laying the corner-stone of the monument for the Hampton Cemetery took place on October 3. This cemetery is located in the rear of the famous Chesapeake Seminary Hospital at which Miss Dix, the philanthropist, devoted herself to the care of the sick and wounded soldiers of the country. The monument which is to be erected will owe its existence in a great measure to Miss Dix's efforts in raising the necessary funds for its purchase. When completed it will have cost $12,000, of which $10,000 have been collected, leaving $2000 yet to be made up by contributions. The monument will be a plain shaft, built of Quincy granite, about 70 feet high, erected on a broad pedestal, engraved and carved into various designs and military emblems. The cemetery itself—containing the remains of some six thousand soldiers, fallen heroes of all the Peninsula campaigns, from M'Clellan's advance to the fall of Richmond, on the banks of the James, and in skirmishes and retreats all over those sections of the State—is laid out in a beautiful and systematic manner, adorned with grass-plats and gravel walks, and from the progress being made in improving the grounds by the burial corps service detachment it will soon be one of the finest National cemeteries in the country. The cemetery at Yorktown, and the smaller ones in the vicinity of Suffolk, Norfolk, and Portsmouth are being rapidly broken up, and the bodies reinterred in the Hampton Cemetery, which, when finally



LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE SOLDIERS' MONUMENT AT HAMPTON, VIRGINIA, October 3, 1867.—[Sketched by F. Dietman.]



THE SUEZ CANAL—VIEW FROM THE PLATEAU OF EL GUISR.

completed, will contain about ten thousand bodies.

The National Cemetery at Fredericksburg, Virginia, is located on Marye's Hill, and contains at this time the bodies of nearly twenty thousand Union soldiers, gathered from all the neighboring fields of the Wilderness, Chancellorsville, Spottsylvania Court House, etc. The sketch shows Falmouth Heights and Fredericksburg in the distance. The house seen just to the right of the flag-staff is Marye's, on the famous hill of the same name. This picture will have peculiar interest for every soldier and officer who fought at this battle, as it will serve to explain the terrible repulse which Sumner's men met with at this point. It shows in the centre foreground the sunken road and stone-wall which were the key to the whole action on this part of the field. This road and wall rendered the rebel position of great strength, and is thus described by General Kershaw, who held it against Sumner's attack: "Marye's Hill falls off abruptly toward Fredericksburg to a stone-wall, which forms a terrace on the side of the hill, and the outer margin of the telegraph road which winds along the foot of the hill. The road is about twenty-five feet wide, and is faced by a stone-wall, about four feet high on the city side. The road having been cut out of the side of the hill in many places, this last wall is not visible above the surface of the ground." This road, invisible from the direction whence the attack was to come, was precisely like the ditch of a fortress, affording perfect protection to the men posted in it. Parts of two rebel brigades, numbering in all not 2000 men, were stationed here, and yet so small was the space that they stood four deep; so that our troops, on reaching the foot of the hill and charging it, were met by a sheet of fire from an invisible foe, before which they melted like a snow-bank before a jet of steam. This interesting spot has never before been illustrated; and it is worthy of note that the existence of this sunken road seems never to have been known to the Union commanders, even up to the date when they prepared their reports.

FARRAGUT'S FLAG.

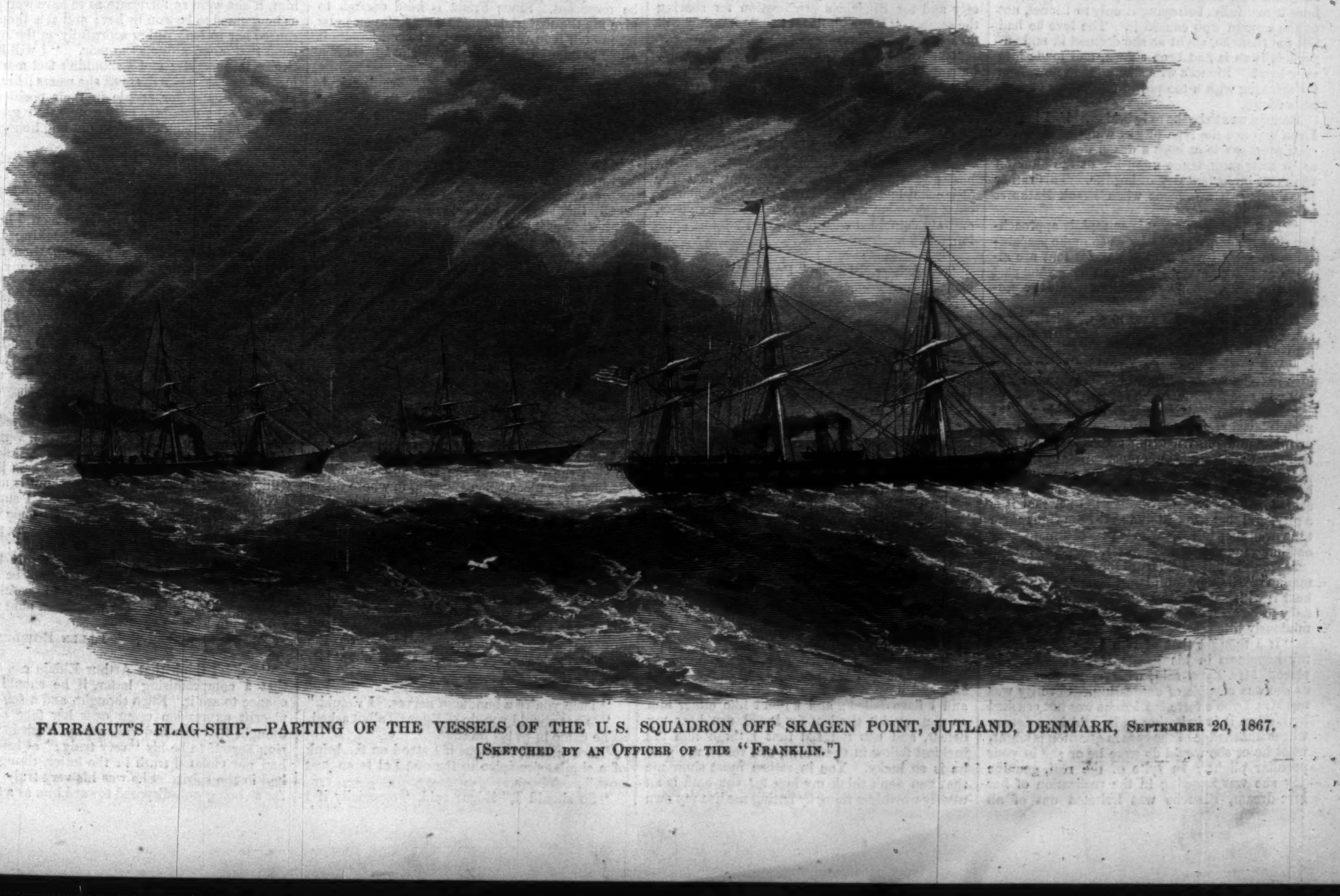
Our artist, who has followed Farragut's flag to Russia and witnessed there the honors paid the old Admiral, and through him the country which he represents, has furnished us with a sketch of the parting of the *Franklin* from the *Ticonderoga* and *Canandaigua* off the bleak and rugged but by no means inhospitable shores of Denmark. The scene is off Skagen Point, Jutland; and the vessels parted company on September 20, the *Franklin* for England and the other vessels for Copenhagen. The Flag-ship is about making signal for the vessels to proceed to their destination. This sketch gives a view of three of the handsomest vessels of our squadron, and well worthy to represent so great a government as ours. The squadron is seen steaming out into the equinoctial gale, which was raging at the time, and in which the *Franklin* behaved in such a manner as to make all hands proud of her.

THE SUEZ CANAL.

We gave lately some interesting particulars and illustrations of the Mount Cenis Railroad, and the engineering triumph lately accomplished in the ascent of the Alps by a locomotive, and the union of France and Italy by that means. We give this week some equally interesting facts regarding the Suez Canal, by which Europe and Asia are to be commercially united.

The Isthmus of Suez, lying between the Mediterranean and Red Seas, connects the continents of Africa and Asia, and is a barrier to inland water communication between the two seas and continents mentioned. For many ages projects have been originated to overcome this barrier by a canal. King Darius of Persia completed a canal from the Red Sea to the River Nile near Cairo, but all trace of it is now nearly lost. Napoleon projected a canal across the Isthmus, avoiding any connection with the Nile, but did not succeed in any thing more than attracting the attention of all commercial Europe to the project. The present work, which has been in progress since 1852, is in the hands of a French Joint-Stock Company, of which M. Lesseps is the chief manager, with a capital of $40,000,000. It obtained, some years since, very favorable concessions from the Viceroy of Egypt, including grants of land on either side the canal and its branches, and the right to compel the laborers on either side to contribute a portion of their labor to the work. Thus assisted the Company went to work with energy; and have since had not less than 20,000 laborers constantly at work.

The canal when completed will be about 100 miles long. It passes through lagoons and plains on a level with the sea, broken by a few plateaus, more or less elevated above the plain, and a few depressions, originally dry, but now transformed into artificial inland lakes. It was at first attempted to perform much of this immense work by manual labor; but steam has since been substituted, and the Company at present employs steam apparatus equivalent to ten thousand horse-



FARRAGUT'S FLAG-SHIP.—PARTING OF THE VESSELS OF THE U. S. SQUADRON OFF SKAGEN POINT, JUTLAND, DENMARK, September 20, 1867.

[Sketched by an Officer of the "Franklin."]

power. The débris is carried out by locomotive trains; and dredges complete the work after the water has been let into the canal.

Our illustration on page 677 presents the view from the summit of the plateau of El-Guisr, a few miles from Lake Timsah, the central point of the canal, now filled by a temporary canal with water direct from the Mediterranean. The great canal here passes through a plateau some six miles in length, and sixty feet above the level of the sea. On reaching the edge of the plateau a striking spectacle meets the eye; the ground seems to give way beneath the feet, and an immense valley stretches from the south, northward, as far as the eye can reach. On the right, at the foot of the Asiatic bank, to be rendered still higher by the débris, flows the temporary canal, a long ribbon of greenish water from seventy to eighty feet wide; while on the left long trains of cars, loaded with dirt, come without ceasing to the foot of the slopes, where they are connected by long chains with the locomotives at the top. The steam noisily escapes; the cars swiftly ascend the heights, discharge their load over the edge of the precipice, and run down by their own weight to be filled anew. The work is carried on in this way till the water-level is reached, as is shown in the illustration, when the dredges complete the task, and give the maritime canal its length and breadth. Lake Timsah is now in full communication with the Mediterranean.

PLAYING FOR HIGH STAKES.

By MISS ANNIE THOMAS,

Author of "Denis Donne," "Walter Goring," "Played Out," etc.

CHAPTER XXVI.

QUICKSANDS.

THERE can be no doubt about the fact of weddings being very wearying things to all whom they concern. From the moment that it was openly decided upon that Lionel Talbot and Blanche Lyon should take one another "for better and worse," very soon bustle and confusion reigned lords of all in the two families. Mrs. Lyon shed a few tears as soon as the matter was mooted, relative to the impossibility of her getting things ready for the marriage.

"You *must* be married from your mother's house, Blanche; and I have no house for you to be married from," the old lady said, piteously, when Lionel pleaded for an early day being named; and then when Blanche urged that all that they either of them deemed essential was a church, a ring, and a priest, Frank Bathurst started forward with the announcement of his intentions concerning the nuptials of his friend.

"My cousin must be married from my house, Mrs. Lyon," he said, eagerly. "I am her nearest male relative, though we don't bear the same name (unfortunately," he added, *sotto voce*). "I'm bound to give the wedding breakfast and her away, and I will do both very jollily. It is settled so, eh?"

"Yes," Blanche said, quietly, "settled and sealed with our heartiest thanks." And when she said that, Frank rejoiced in having had the resolution to brave the pang it cost him to offer to give her away to another man.

It was useless to delude himself with the assertion that it did not cost him a pang. It did cost him one, and a very sharp one too; but he bore it manfully, betraying it only to Lionel, not to the woman who caused it. The love he had felt for Blanche, slight as she deemed it, and superficially as it had been shown, had made him very loyal. Lionel's wife should have no reason for thinking with a too pitiful tenderness of Lionel's friend.

Beatrix was to be the only bridemaid. Blanche Lyon was not the type of girl who has made sacred promises to at least a dozen dearest friends as to their attendance upon her at the altar on the most important day of her life. This rather pleasing truth came out when Frank Bathurst said, one night—

"The auspicious event is so rapidly approaching that it's getting time for us to make preparations to meet it. Those big boxes that are always arriving mean that you're doing your part well and truly, Blanche; but how about the procession?"

"There will be ourselves to go," Blanche answered. "It doesn't much matter how we go, provided Lal and I get there."

"Why, don't you have a regular army of beings in tulle, to see your train safely up the aisle, and you safely through the service?"

"Indeed no," Miss Lyon said, laughing. "I never played Hermia to any one's Helen; I never make undying friendships, that last as a rule one month. Trixy is my most intimate friend."

"Blanche never would see the advantage of being popular with her own sex," Mrs. Lyon said, lamentingly. "I always tell her that it is a pity, and that she will find that I am right some time or other; but Blanche is very obstinate, very obstinate indeed, Mr. Bathurst."

"Don't impress that truth too much upon Lal, mamma," Blanche said, laughing. "Frank may hear it with safety; but Lionel might feel obstinacy to be an impediment, and I might be ignominiously jilted."

"If I thought that of him I would not trust my happiness in his hands, if I were in your place," Mrs. Lyon said, with as much severity as she was capable of expressing. Severity was not Mrs. Lyon's forte. Blanche was not crushed by it; but it is irritating to be told by a person whose knowledge of the case in question is slight, what he or she would do were he or she in your peculiar plight. In spite of the real, genuine joy she was knowing in the realization of her love-dream, Blanche was irritated out of all happiness for the moment by her well-meaning mamma.

"If I didn't think every thing that is good of Lionel I should not marry him. You may be very sure of that."

"Ah, one never knows a man till one marries him," Mrs. Lyon replied, shaking her head. "They seem all that's fair and plausible beforehand; but afterward—"

Here Mrs. Lyon paused and shook her head, as though her recollections of what happened afterward were the reverse of agreeable.

"Well, mamma, what arrangement would you suggest that might remedy that evil?" Blanche said, when her mother hesitated. "The good old rule that we take each other upon trust can not be amended, in my humble opinion."

"Ah!" the old lady said, shaking her head in a way that was a burlesque on wisdom, "girls don't know when they're well off, or they'd stay as they are, and not be in such haste to marry, wouldn't they, Mr. Bathurst? But so it is: they are glad to leave their mothers, who have thought for them and waited on them from the hour of their birth, for the first stranger who asks them."

"You see, Frank, mamma desires you to understand that I have 'jumped' at my first offer, as my enemies would say," Blanche said, laughingly. She had recovered that seldom-lost good-humor of hers, which could stand any strain that was made on it now save aught that might be interpreted as a slight on Lionel. That she could not tolerate. All the love-loyalty within her rose up in rebellion against the bare idea, causing her to feel, and to make others feel, that love was lord of all with her, in a way that did make Frank regret her very keenly for a minute or two. So, having recovered her good temper, she gave a reading of her mother's speech that she would not have given if it had been the right one; and Frank accepted her allusion in the way she intended him to accept it, and replied:

"Poor girl, couldn't she get any fellow to make it what the gentle bard of modern domesticity calls 'his chief aim in life' to win her for his wife before Lal fell into the snare?"

"My daughter has not been so utterly devoid of opportunities of marrying as you seem to imagine," Mrs. Lyon said, quickly, bridling her head as she spoke. "Of course every one now will imagine, from the hastiness of the whole of this affair, that she was anxious to get a husband, and that I was impatient to see her settled. It's not at all the aspect I like—not at all."

"What a lucky thing it is that Lal and I am indifferent to the aspect!" Blanche said, carelessly. "My dear mother, you do cause yourself such cark and care for nothing. Life would not be worth having if we all paid such a price to the *vox populi* as you do."

"Blanche will find in time that she can not disregard the opinion of the world, lightly as she esteems it now," Mrs. Lyon said to Frank, in a tone of toleration for her daughter that was touching. "I have seen more of life than she has; but she never would take my advice."

"My dear mother, what part of it have I disregarded?" Blanche asked, quietly; then she added, more quickly, "Certainly I went out as a governess when you thought it better I should stay at home in sublime seclusion, and starve, rather than lose caste; but in what else have I opposed you?"

"She is not a bit fit to be the wife of a poor man," Mrs. Lyon said, petulantly, to Frank, as if he was in a measure responsible for Lionel's poverty and for Blanche's predilection for sharing the same. "Not a bit fit for it. What they will do I don't know."

"The best we can, mamma," Blanche said, buoyantly.

"Ah, it's easy to say that," Mrs. Lyon replied, crossly. "You have not tried it yet. Well, there, my advice never is taken, so I may as well hold my tongue."

And Blanche, who could not help remembering that her mother's advice had never brought her any thing but boredom, and that she (Blanche) had been her own sole maintenance, chief counselor, and only guide, for many years, entirely coincided with her mother's latest opinion.

"Look here, Blanche," Frank Bathurst said, somewhat nervously, a few hours later in the same day; "Lal and you must start clear and comfortable, that's certain. You won't be too proud to accept a wedding present from me, will you."

"I should be very much disgusted with you if you did not give me one," she replied, laughing. Then remembering that Frank's liberality might lead him to give more than either Lionel or she could comfortably accept under the circumstances, she hastily added, "Let me choose my present, may I?—a tea-service—because I'm fastidious to a fault about china, and I feel that your taste will be perfect."

"All right," Frank said, dryly; "you shall have that. But you must let me exercise the brother's privilege, and give you what I think you ought to have."

"You're too good to me," she said, in a low voice. The recollection that this man had wanted her for his wife smote her at times, and saddened her a little; he was so very generous to her in his disappointed love.

"Too good to you? That's impossible. Come, Blanche," he went on, as Lionel came and joined them, "I'll say my say to you before Lal, and have done with it. He has won you and I have failed; and I don't like either him or you one bit the less for it. I can bear my defeat, and can tell Lal that I think him the luckiest fellow in the world, and that I am glad he is so lucky. You in return must show me that you don't think my love for you both is an utterly worthless thing by letting me use my own judgment in giving you what I think best. Say, will you?"

"You want us to give a promise blindly," Blanche said, affectionately; "and I think we may dare give it to the one who has fulfilled my old conceited fancy about 'Bathurst's boy,' and taken such a fancy to me as I am proud to have inspired."

"That's neat," Frank said, approvingly. "Waste of words, though, rather. If you had said 'I will,' it would have saved trouble. Naturally, what you will Lal wills also. Well, then, Miss Lyon, my idea is, that it's best for a woman to be independent of her husband, so far as money-matters are concerned, so I shall make you independent of Lal."

Lionel Talbot's blood rushed to his face as his old friend spoke. The proposition could never be acted upon. He felt that at once; but he also felt that the rejection of it must emanate from Blanche. All his fine sensibilities were in revolt at the notion of his wife being offered, by a man who had wooed her, that which he (Lionel) could not give her—an independent settlement; but he could not, for his pride's sake, make manifest that he was so revolted. He must trust to Blanche to show to others that his right to her was a real one with which no man might interfere.

"Frank wants to find out whether or not I am the unpleasantly strong-minded woman mamma most undesignedly represents me as," Miss Lyon said, quickly; "so he tests me by offering me what women who go in for their sex's rights sigh for—a state of independence. Dear Frank, how disgusted you would have been if I had fallen into your trap, and had not had the courage to aver that I belong to the old, weak, womanly order, that prefers being indebted to a lawful lord."

"By Jove! you're right," Frank cried, heartily. "You're right, and I was wrong to think for a moment that you could accept an ungraceful offer. Can you forgive me, Lal? You may, I think, for my folly brought out a bit of Blanche's best—her pride in you, old fellow!"

"That shall never be decreased by any fault of mine," Lionel replied. "Forgive you? Yes, I think I can forgive what flatters me so much as your appreciation of Blanche's deserts does; but for your comfort's sake I will tell you, Frank, dear old fellow, my wife won't be beholden to me for any thing, as old women call it. She has a mine of independence within herself in the making of many books."

"I'll give her a plot for her next," Frank said, laughing; "the story of a modern Damon and Pythias loving the same lady, and Damon surrendering her, and bearing no malice about it. She can draw from the life—the *dramatis personæ* are before her."

He gave a half-questioning, half-pleading glance at Blanche as he spoke. His bright, light love for her was not dangerous, and Lionel felt that it was not dangerous; still, the avowal of it was only a touch less than painful to the one who thought so humbly of himself that he deemed he had only won by a head.

"Damon would never be guilty of the meanness of mentioning it if he meant it," Lionel said, quietly; and when he said that Blanche realized that the love of the one man and the liking of the other would give her a hard part to play.

"And Pythias would never be sensitively jealous if Damon did," she put in, hurriedly; "at least not if he respected the lady of his love as the loved of Damon and Pythias deserved to be respected. Since Frank is kind enough to give me the materials for a story, Lal, you must let me tell it in my own way. I shall handle it all so harmoniously for the lady, and for Damon and Pythias too."

"And when shall we read it?" Frank asked, eagerly. The moment for half sentimentalizing with him was gone, and he could be blithely gay about the business again.

"When? Always when we are together, and I hope that may be very often," she said, gayly; and then both men felt that however it had been before, her heart was wholly Lionel's now—so wholly that she had no fear of herself. She had got herself past some terrible quicksands in safety; and it was no slight thing to have done. Had she steered one half point to the right or left of that straightforward course which it had been her choice and policy to pursue, she would have brought the little bark in which Lionel and herself had shipped for life into troubled waters. As it was, she had, by means of a steady hand and an eye undimmed by vanity or deceit, gone direct to the harbor of refuge Lionel's love made for her.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MARRIED.

MR. AND MRS. MARK SUTTON came down to Haldon the day before the wedding, accompanied by their niece Ellen Bowdin, in whose favor Blanche had relented, in so far as allowing her to be a bridemaid went. Not one of the party, including the bride herself, were in very brilliant spirits on the marriage morning. Now that it had really come to the point, the two men who had loved Blanche felt it to be harder than they had fancied to lose her.

"I hope from my heart, old fellow, that you will be as happy as you both deserve to be," Frank Bathurst said, clapping Lionel on the shoulder. "Don't you feel shaky about it, though."

"Not a bit," Lionel replied.

"Then you've a bundle of nerves. I should."

"What should you do?" Edgar Talbot asked, as he came in to his brother.

"Feel awfully nervous if I stood on the brink of a similar precipice to the one Lal is on just now."

"So should I," Edgar said, "especially if I were no more sure than Lionel is that I could keep my wife as my wife ought to be kept."

"Oh, as for that, Lal will be as right as a trivet," Frank said, hurriedly. The conversation had taken a turn that might reasonably be supposed to be the reverse of agreeable to Lionel; and Frank was sorry for this, and also sorry for the cause of its being thus turned. There must be a considerable amount of bitterness, he knew, in the heart of a man who could utter so thinly-veiled a reproach to a brother on his wedding morning.

"Any way, I am not going half-way to meet any trouble, much less one that Blanche will bear with me," Lionel said, coolly.

"You will be obliged to work a trifle less conscientiously, that is all," Edgar said, laughing.

"That I shall never do. I will pay my wife the respect of, at least, not deteriorating."

"You will do well enough, probably, old fellow," Edgar said, with sudden heartiness; "quite as well, and better too, than most men; but you'll study the simply expedient a little more attentively than you have done hitherto, if I'm not mistaken."

"You are mistaken. I can not stay to try and convince you of it just now, for we must be off."

Then they went away to the village church, the bells of which had been clanging in hilarious dis-harmony all the morning.

To be married in a large town, in the midst of a concourse of people who are superbly indifferent as to whether one is going to be married or buried, is a calm and comfortable proceeding when compared with being married in a village, where every one has some pet theory to account for every change of complexion and variation of expression in the faces of the chief objects concerned. The bridal party would have deemed themselves blessed had the inspection lasted only during their progress through the church; but the church-yard gateway was too narrow to admit a carriage, consequently they had to get out and walk between rows of observant fellow-creatures, on a rough gravel path, that was, as Mrs. Sutton felt with anguish, detrimental to her boots and train. Ellen Bowden, to whom, six months before, the scene would have been one of fairy-like beauty and splendor, had dreamed a more gorgeous dream lately, and so rather looked down upon this reality.

"If I am ever married, it shall not be in the country; I am quite determined about that," she whispered to Trixy; and when Trixy replied:

"I dare say Mr. Wilmot will agree to any place that seems good to you," Ellen blushed with confusion, and said:

"One never knows how things of that sort may turn out, does one, Miss Talbot? Aunt Marian says it is so foolish to speak about engagements ever, for fear they should be broken off. Do you know Mr. Eldale, Miss Talbot?"

"Only by repute."

"Oh, I'm sorry you don't know him," Ellen said, in disappointed accents. She wanted to talk about him more than she had wanted to talk about John Wilmot for many weeks. It was hard upon her, she felt, that Miss Talbot could not take the wild interest in her subject which knowledge of him would surely have given.

"I am very sorry," she repeated. "He is so charming."

Then her poor little foolish heart throbbed high at the thought of how grand a thing his wealth and taste would make her wedding with him, if she were so fortunate as to have won him as he seemed to be won by her; and this thought caused her to look rather scornfully on the small band that stood around the pair. "I will have twelve bridemaids; and I shouldn't feel married in such a plain white dress as she wears; but it's all right enough for people in their position, I suppose," the daughter of the deceased grazier thought of the daughter of an old and honorable house.

"It was not half as bad as I expected; still I am very glad it is over—so glad and happy, Lal," Mrs. Lionel Talbot exclaimed to her husband, the instant they were out of the church.

"And I shall be glad when we're off," he replied, tenderly; "for Edgar is breaking down fast. If he does utterly, my darling, there must be a gulf between us; no man, not even my own brother, must show love for my wife. Let us leave them to eat the wedding breakfast without us; let us be off at once."

"As you will. Whatever you wish to do I shall be sure to like to do," she said, tenderly. So they were off at once, after just shaking hands with the others, on the brief trip that was to be the prelude of that earnest battle of life they were bound to fight together.

"The artist and his wife had a very humdrum wedding," Ellen Bowden wrote to John Wilmot. He had forced her to write to him from Haldon; and she kept her promise, though she kept it unwillingly. "There was no style about it at all. I couldn't endure such an affair; but I suppose it was the right and proper thing for people without money. Some people blame them very much for having married on next to nothing: such matches never turn out well. I hardly know when we go back to town; so I should be sorry for you to waste more of your time in waiting to see us on our return. My uncle and aunt unite with me in kindest regards.

"Yours very truly, ELLEN BOWDEN."

"I don't think that Arthur Eldale can think that a compromising letter, if he should ever chance to see it," Ellen thought, and a self-complacent expression crept over her face as she thought it. She had violated no truth in averring herself to be his "very truly;" at least she had not violated truth in the letter, though she had in the spirit. She was his very truly, in so far as being well-disposed toward him as a friend went; but to herself she confessed that she would prefer being a friend to him at a distance for the future. Her retrospective regard for him in the abstract was a colossal thing; still, colossal as it was, it was liable to collapsing suddenly into the most diminutive proportions under the influence of the dread she had that it might mar her future prospects with another.

Meanwhile the newly-married people whom she was pitying were well on their way to the place they had determined to pause and take breath in before commencing the actual fight for fame and fortune which they both were resolved to make. It was a sweet, quiet, secluded village, in a midland county, where they made their first halt, a village about half a mile from the banks of the Thames, in the heart of the fairest of that flat, fair, midland county scenery, which is so fascinating in its park-like prettiness and quiet. Sheets of silvery moonlight flooded the scene when they reached the little inn that stood on the brink of one of the tributary streams that fall into the Thames. The house itself was gable-ended, thatched, covered with creeping plants, redolent of the presence of roses. As they stood together at the casement-window, looking out over the flower-bed-studded slope of grass, and on the shining river, the deep, tender happiness of love realized so fully that it idealized every thing, flooded the hearts of both, and the woman spoke:

"Lionel, what have I done to deserve this; to be placed here in the midst of such beauty; to be enjoying it with you?"

"According to my idea, you have done every thing to deserve it," he replied. "You have made me supremely happy by giving me your love and the right to enjoy it."

"Such a poor return for the wealth of yours," she said, rather sadly. "Lal, the one thought that crushes me a little now and then is that I may be, not a 'burden'—I won't insult you by suggesting that you could ever feel me to be that—but a sensibly-felt weight. If I hamper you? If I impede your progress? The mere thought of it half maddens me."

Then he put his arms about her with that air of tenderly protecting strength which comforts a woman against her will—against her reason, very often—and told her that he was so strengthened and elevated by her love that his progress must be an upward one; and that even if it were not, she would be by his side to share it, and to see him make it.

"But if you are impoverished by your marriage, Lal? Life is a little harder to the man who has to fight for a wife as well as for himself."

"Harder perhaps; sweeter undoubtedly. Listen, my child," he said, putting his hand on her brow, and holding her face up to fairly meet his gaze. "Listen, and believe me, Blanche. I never lied to any one yet—do you think I should lie to the one I love best? Believe me when I say that I meant the words I uttered this morning. Whatever comes to me of sorrow or joy, of wealth or poverty, I thank God that you have vowed very solemnly, my sweet, to share it with me."

"Oh, Lal! what a lovely opening chapter it is!" the easily-consoled woman—who showed her love by being thus easily consoled—replied, as she let her head nestle forward trustingly upon his shoulder. "What a lovely opening chapter it is!" she repeated, earnestly.

"Yes," he replied, laughing; "and, as is right, there are only two figures in it. In the earlier stages of romances, whether of real life or not, it is well that the two chief figures should stand quite alone—should be clearly outlined."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

FAMILY AFFECTION.

It was late in the autumn before the young married people left the little inn on the brink of the stream for a settled home of their own. "The prettiest, quietest place we can afford, without giving a thought to the social consideration it is held in, will be the place for us," Lionel said to his wife, when the question of their future abode began to be first debated seriously between them; and Blanche agreed with him in this, as indeed she did about most things.

"I think you are right, Lionel. I will go to Highgate, if you like, or to Camberwell, or to any other out-of-the-way district in which you may see fit to place me; it will be all one to me, so long as you are with me, and I have something nice to look at from the window. We have no old swell friends to be affected by our decline and fall from the West." Then, as she finished speaking, she remembered that Marian Sutton had, with recently-developed sisterly affection, promised to call on them as soon as they (the Suttons) came back to London; and she added, "Even Marian will forgive the locality for her brother Lionel."

"Marian and you will never be sufficiently intimate for the distance between you to be felt as a trial," Lionel replied.

"We are better apart, I think," Blanche said, heartily. "Nothing would give me the necessary amount of faith in Marian to make constant or even frequent intercourse between us desirable. I do—"

She paused, and her husband said: "You do what, dear?"

"Maybe I had better reserve my judgment. Speaking it can do no good."

"But I would rather that you did speak it to me, even though your judgment of my sister may be severe. You are my wife, and I have a right to share your thoughts. Tell me, darling!"

"Lal, what a mean-hearted wretch I should seem to myself if I, by a thoughtless word or two, made you think less well than you do of your sister. I will own to not liking her; but I will add, in justice to her, that I believe, at first, I only disliked her because she did not like me. My vanity was piqued; I was weak."

"At first that was your reason; but how about now?"

"Now I don't think her true; that is why I do not take to her, as we women call it. I think she has a good deal of scratch in her, and if her soft, easy-going existence were disturbed, I think she would let her nearest feel that she had it without the faintest scruple. Lal, how can I dare to say that of a sister of yours? What a wretch I am!"

"At least you can love Trixy," he said, evading answering her direct question as to how she dared to question the moral veracity of his sister.

The young, loving, tenderly-regarded wife went down gracefully on her knees before the low lounge-chair in which her husband was sitting.

"Shall I confess, Lal?" she asked, sweetly.

"To me, always, or Heaven help us both!" he answered, solemnly.

"Well, then, love is a gorgeous gift, and I don't give it readily. I have liked, and liked warmly, and been deceived and disappointed, and seen the object fall short of that which I expected of it, ever so many times. Now, for some time, I have left off lavishing it. I like what pleases me, and interests me, and sympathizes with me; but I should scorn myself if I were to say that because a woman is your sister, for that reason alone I loved her."

"And can't you love Trixy for herself?" he asked, in a hurt tone. "She at least might command the highest sympathies; she is good, true, and clever; what do you want more?"

"'Like Dian's kiss, unasked, unsought,
Love gives itself; it is not bought,'"

Blanche said, shrugging her shoulders. "I'm wrong morally, I have no doubt, but I am mentally right. You must know that when I first took to loving you better than myself, Trixy and I were antipathetic to each other to the last degree, on account of another man for whom she did care, and for whom I didn't care, and who did care for me, and who didn't care for her. Now our 'relations are altered,' as political reporters say; nevertheless, I can't afford to say that Trixy is the one female being in the world who can make life sweet to me simply because she is your sister."

Lionel Talbot was silent. Conventionally he knew his wife to be wrong. She was refusing to take up the regulation burden of family affection for "the people" of the one whom she had married; but rationally he knew her to be right—there was no sufficient cause for it.

"Trixy and you will right yourselves in time," he said, stooping forward and kissing her brow. "Meanwhile, don't imagine that you owe me any thing that your own true heart is disinclined to pay."

GARIBALDI.

BY CHARLES GATES.

Deep through the fiery heart of Sicily
Another murmur than of earthquake ran,
As leaped on her bright shores from Caprera
The Hero and the Man.

No banners over countless legions streamed,
No triremes with war's engines piled the shore,
But the great lever Archimedes dreamed
In heart and hand he bore—

Freedom to man! It seeks not where to stand
Upon some orb in separate circle whirled,
But plants its fulcrum in the patriot's hand
And lightly lifts the world.

And vintners, goatherds, fishermen arose
In might and mien like grandest kings of men,
As if the Roman and his Punic foes
Had leaped to life again.

Such influence lay in that rough-vestured form
To rout their shames, and burst their old control,
And through their vacant being send a storm
Of resurrected souls.

The blind volcanoes of unquenched desire
For freedom, in man's breasts no longer pent,
Welled wider, deeper streams of living fire
Than Etna ever sent.

And the grim hand last left but one, erewhile
From Bourbon throne Briarean, stretching o'er
Dumb, prostrate nations, from that lovely isle
Fell off for evermore.

The south wind came from out the Middle Sea
To kiss the hero's brow, and bear his fame
Again to lovely, passionate Italy,
Whose heart was all aflame.

Etna to blue Vesuvius thrilled the word
Freedom, through waveless under-seas of heat,
And watching peasants on the slopes who heard
Sprang armed upon their feet.

And Naples—earth's ennobled paradise,
The bride, the queen, the captive, and the slave,
The fairest triumph, basest sacrifice,
The heaven, the hell, the grave—

More beautiful than man's divinest dream,
With influences of earth, and sea, and sky,
Defiled, polluted as a stagnant stream
Whose waters never dry—

Naples, from centuries of mute despair,
Oppression, priestcraft, beggary, and tears,
Rose, as an eagle to his native air,
After long captive years

To welcome Garibaldi—soul, and breath,
And being of the ideal unity,
Embodied aspiration, hope, and faith
Of the new Italy.

Along the Apennines the welcome flew,
On Tuscan groves it broke a sunrise flame,
Another life the unbound peoples knew,
And bore another name.

Beside the man high thrones came toppling down,
And kingly lines passed to oblivion dim;
He gave to Italy the laurel crown
The world had given to him.

Of fullest triumph ne'er was grander close;
The captains of the earth stood up to scan
How high above the stainless conqueror rose
The greatness of the man.

His name awaked the nations, far and strange,
And trembling kinglets waved him off their lands,
Lest men should feel upon their lives a change
Come with his clasping hands.

Time ripens slow: thrice hero he who waits
Till its deep-hidden fruit is opened bare,
In humble guise, at action's outer gates,
Nor asks an entrance there.

Thrice coward he who sees the golden ear,
And hears the call its waiting harvest brings,
But folds his hands in weak, uncertain fear
At voice of banded kings.

He waited on his rocky isle afar,
Lost in the shadows that around him sailed;
Yet he was steadfast as the Polar star—
He knew time never failed.

While we, with bleeding feet and outstretched palm,
Strained with loud trouble toward our nearer goal,
'Twere well we felt some measure of the calm
That hung around his soul.

He saw with joy the whitened harvest spread
To marbled Rome, and the pale Hierarch stand,
A corse among the shadows of the dead,
Upheld by alien hand.

He struck in vain. The world was awed to see
How even failure failed on such a man;
And of the great triumphant ones to be
It placed him in the van.

And now again the pale Priest sees the hand
Of Garibaldi on his palace wall,
Writing in fire humanity's demand
That he and his shall fall.

Oh Italy! thrice blest that such a soul
Should keep the truth unto the world and thee,
And teach thee that the mitre and the stole
Belong not to the free.

Oh life! whose light no bulk of shade bedims,
Upon whose gifts no inward stay is laid,
Around whose luminous path a glory swims
Where others trail a shade!

Oh man! apostle of the world's great need,
The earnest of its triumph yet to be!
We bid thee and thy cause of right God-speed,
God-speed in Italy!

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Six months ago a Japan house sent out a cargo of five hundred hoop skirts to Japan as a venture. The Japs put a cover on them and used them for umbrellas.

Bricks are rising in price. Mr. Peabody is a regular brick, and worth a great many thousand.

A Slow March.—The march of intellect.

Motto for Barristers.—"Brief life is here our lot."

What roof covers the most noisy tenant? The roof of the mouth.

At a school examination a young tyro in declamation, who had been told by the teacher that he must gesticulate according to the sense, in commencing a piece with "The comet lifts its fiery tale," lifted the tail of his coat to a horizontal position, causing roars of laughter.

Somebody says that the best way to get rid of weeds is to always put your cigar case and its contents at the service of your friends. Jones says that the most effective means he ever tried was by squeezing the hand of a plump young widow in black. The next day she was in half mourning, and a second kindly pressure resulted in a pink gown with a white bonnet. Farmers, please notice.

A little girl, once hearing the remark that all people had once been children, artlessly inquired, "Who took care of the babies?"

Kid-napping—Baby asleep!

It was a clever thing of the English army officer who visited the London Zoological Gardens the other day, and leaning gracefully over the chairs of his lady acquaintances—talking soft nonsense the while—applied his magnet-headed cane to their hair-pins till he had drawn them all out! Of course there was great tribulation, when on rising from their seats their waterfalls tumbled off! It is said the ladies called the captain a "brute;" but what else does one go to the Zoological Gardens for but to see brutes?

A good anecdote is related of a well-known vagabond, who was brought before a magistrate as a common vagrant. Having suddenly harpooned a good idea, he pulled from a capacious pocket of a tattered coat a loaf of bread and half a dried cod-fish, and holding them up, with a triumphant look and gesture to the magistrate, exclaimed,

"You don't catch me that way—I'm no vagrant! Ain't them wisible means of support, I should like to know?"

A lady out with her little girl and boy purchased him a rubber balloon, which escaped him and flew up in the air. The girl, seeing the tears in his eyes, said, "Never mind, Neddy: when you die and do to heaven you'll dit it."

A kind-hearted and witty clergyman, entering the house of one of his elders one morning, found the old man unmercifully whipping one of his sons, a lad about fourteen years old, and at once commenced interceding for the boy. The deacon defended himself by saying that youth must be early trained in the way it should go. "It was best to make an impression when the wax was soft." "Ay," said the pastor, "but that don't hold here, for the whacks were not soft." The deacon let the boy go.

Change for a Sovereign.—A republic.

A Touching Appeal.—Being tapped on the shoulder by a sheriff's officer.

The sale of donkey-flesh for human food has, it appears, just been legalized at Lyons. If, according to the proverb, "Like breeds like," a man who is already a fool will become more of an ass by partaking of asinine flesh, and even the horse-laugh he was wont to practice will be no longer got out of him.

"A key that often hampers the lock"—Whis*key*.

A Direct Insult—Asking a baker if he knows the "Language of Flours."

New silver lodes have been discovered in Colorado. This is just what we wanted—loads of silver and lots of gold.

"Ground Tumbling"—An embankment falling in.

Why is a widow's costume like a field of turnips!—Because it's (s)wedes!

What is the best remedy for a "dead-lock?"—Why, a "skeleton-key," of course.

Of Course.—May it not be reasonably presumed that a plagiarist writes with a steal pen?

The sheriff's religion—Writ-ualism.

A Smart Retort.—The following anecdote used to be related by the late William Hazlitt. He was out visiting Mr. and Mrs. Basil Montague, when Sir Anthony Carlisle came in, apparently in a state of more than his usual self-complacency, having just received a complimentary testimonial from the Apothecaries' Hall. In answer to the inquiries of Mrs. Montague, he said, very pompously and somewhat profanely, "Madam, the glorious Company of the Apothecaries praise me!" "But," retorted Mrs. Montague, "what say the noble army of martyrs, your patients, Sir Anthony?" Sir Anthony was so nonplused by this witty rejoinder that he somewhat suddenly took his leave.

A minister having preached the same discourse to his people three times, one of his constant hearers said to him after service, "Doctor, the sermon you gave us this morning had three several readings; I move that it now be passed."

Joyful.—An insurance agent, urging a citizen to get his life insured, said, "Get your life insured for ten thousand, and then, if you die next week, the widow's heart will sing for joy."

The Weather.—A "close morning." To-morrow morning is the closest at present.

NORAH'S REMONSTRANCE.

"Now, Terence, have done wid yer taising,
Do you be aisy, and let me alone:
It's the skin from me fingers ye're squaizing,
Sure ye think they're as hard as yer own!

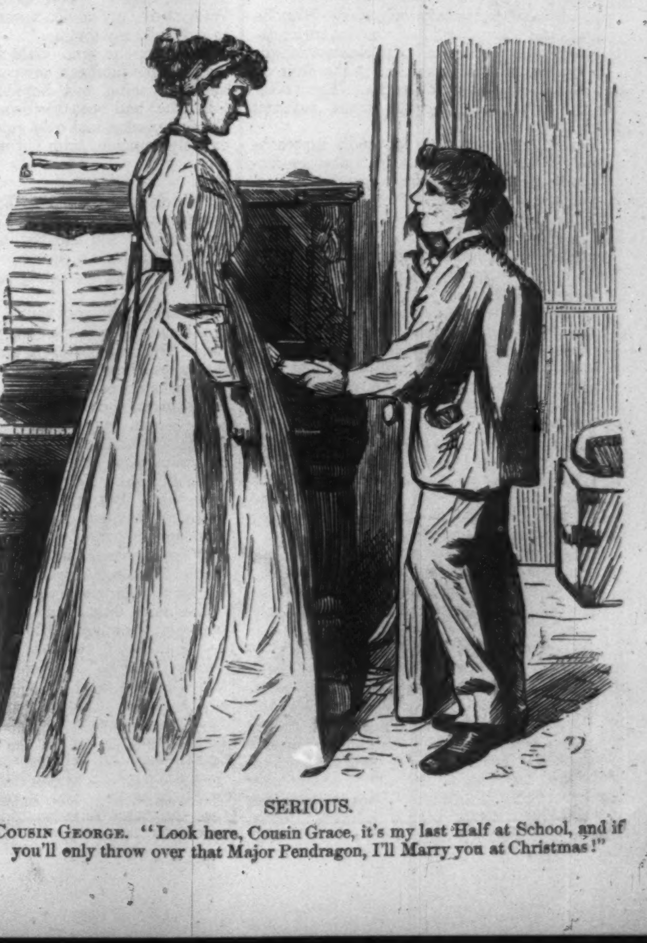
"I'm worried to death wid yer prating,
And frightened clane out of me life;
So pray don't be idly consaiting—
You'll never catch me for a wife.

"What is it ye say?—that I'm joking?
That ye won't budge an inch from my side?
Indade, now, ye're mighty provoking,
And I don't know which way to decide.

"I'm just like the bird that the fowler
Is coaxing down into his snare;
Och, Terence! ye sly, schaimin' prowler,
Ye're hunting me lips, I declare!

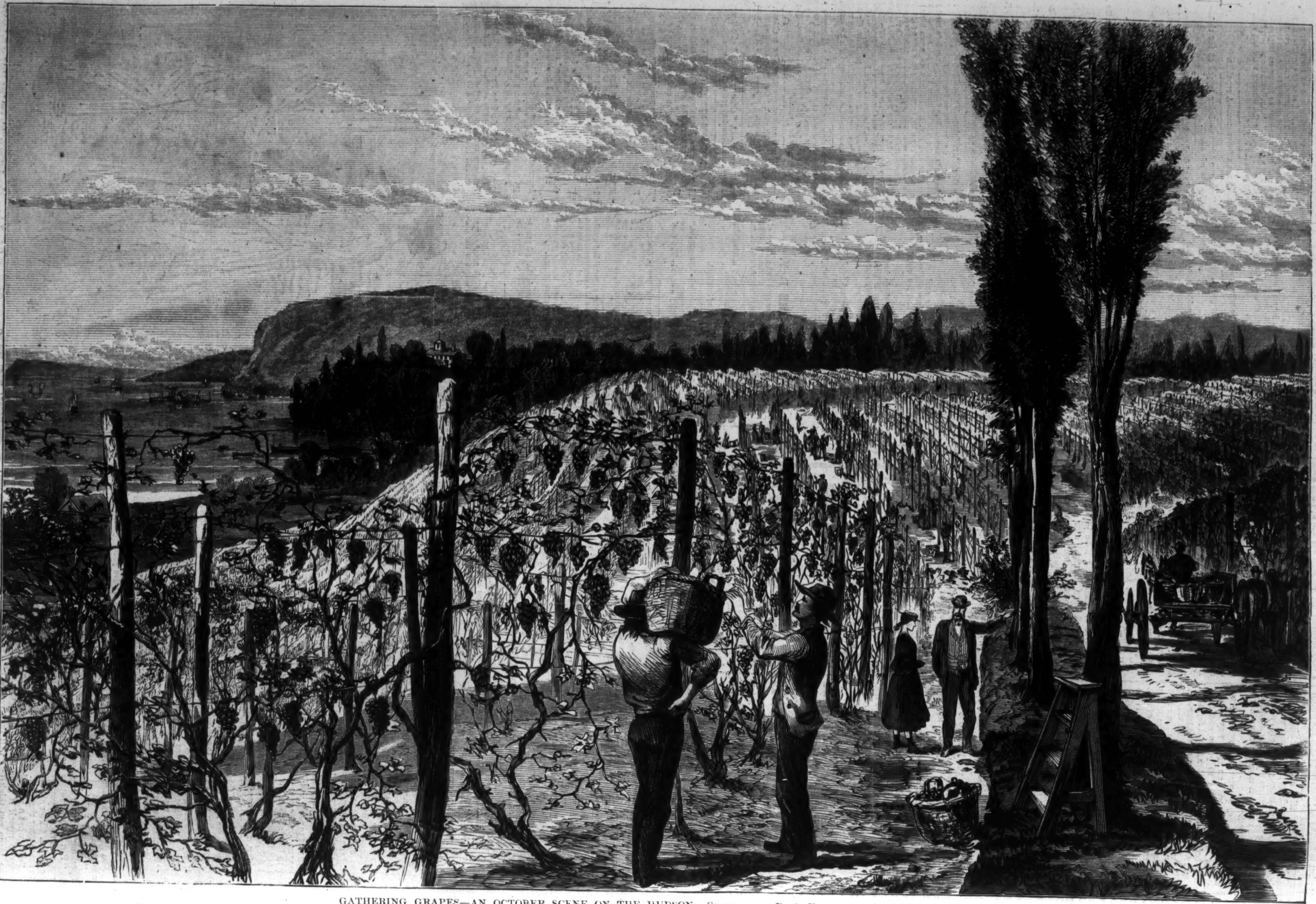
"Leave off, Sir! how dare ye to do it?
I suppose, as ye will have yer way,
I'd better (but mind me, you'll rue it!)
Please yer whim by jest naming the day.

"Don't think it's for love I'm consenting—
Och, murther! ye're stoppin' me breath—
But only in hopes of preventing
Meself being bothered to death!"

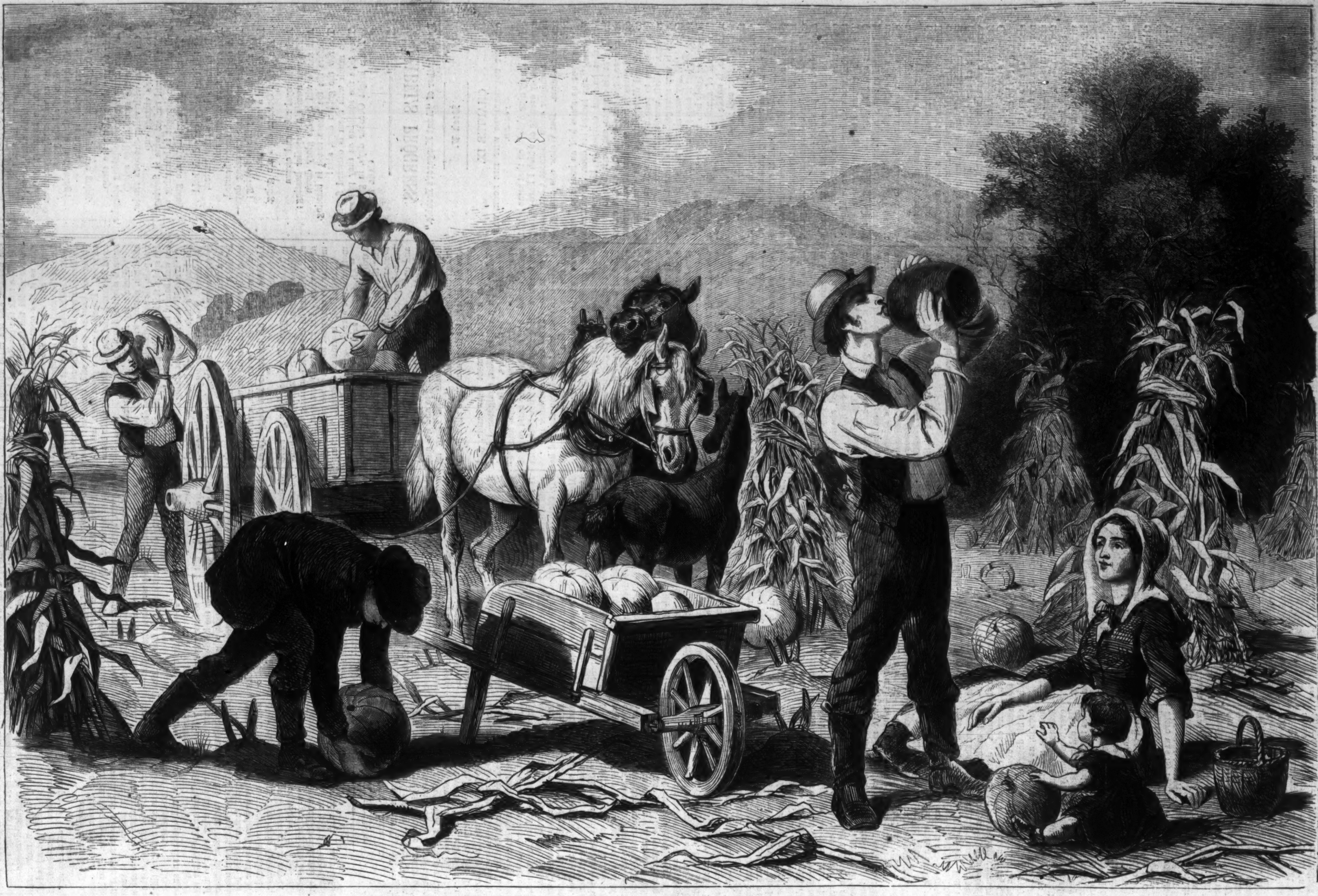


SERIOUS.

Cousin George. "Look here, Cousin Grace, it's my last Half at School, and if you'll only throw over that Major Pendragon, I'll Marry you at Christmas!"



GATHERING GRAPES—AN OCTOBER SCENE ON THE HUDSON.—Sketched by D. C. Hitchcock.—[See First Page.]



GATHERING PUMPKINS—AN OCTOBER SCENE IN NEW ENGLAND.—Drawn by J. W. Ehninger.—[See First Page.]

OCTOBER.

The solemn fires are lit again
  Upon the mountain's altar-places;
They rise above the kneeling plain,
  And front us with unchangéd faces.
The holy time of all the year
  In silent worship there is flowing;
The autumn festival is near,
  The bright October days are going.

Their tokens shine along the steep
  Where every breeze is shaking splendor,
And where the sunshine lies asleep
  On leaves with valley-shadows tender.
Into October's vintage cup
  The last and richest wine is flowing;
And while the draught is brimming up
  The bright autumnal days are going.

And but that every year doth hold
  Its summers by a winter parted,
And every fiery autumn fold
  A death beneath it, frosty-hearted,
Too perfect were these crowning days—
  So rich the ebbing life is flowing;
Each dying in a sunset blaze,
  The bright October days are going.

And in his royal robe and crown
  The year awaits the spoiler hasting;
And scarce will lay his glory down
  Before the foe whose touch is blasting.
Too few the golden days, alas!
  So much with them is outward flowing;
They take the sunshine as they pass—
  These bright October days, in going!

Carl Spencer.

MABEL'S PROGRESS.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

Book V.

CHAPTER IX.

CLEMENT UNDERSTANDS WHY THE LOCK WAS OILED.

It was barely nine o'clock on that same bright summer Sunday evening of which I have written in my last chapter when Clement Charlewood reached his home. But Walter was already in bed.

"He went up stairs half an hour ago," said Penelope, "and locked his door. I wanted a book that he had carried to his room, and knocked at his door to ask for it, but he would not answer for a long time, and at last called out that he was in bed, and that it was useless to knock and disturb him, for he should make it a rule not to take any notice of such interruptions. Civil, wasn't it?"

"It is very strange," said Clement, thoughtfully. "Watty was always pettish and quick-tempered, but it seems to me that his disposition is changing lately into moroseness and brutality. This freak of shutting himself up in his own room, too, is unlike his old self."

The brother and sister chatted together some time longer. Clement said a few words to his sister about his chance meeting with little Corda; but he did not, in repeating what the child had said, mention Mabel's name. It seemed impossible to him to talk about her even to Penelope. He was sure of Penny's fullest sympathy for himself, but the risk of provoking a sharp word against *her* involved too painful a possibility.

Long before twelve o'clock all was profoundly quiet in the little household at Barnsbury. Mrs. Charlewood was with her daughter in Mayfair. The little servant had gone home to sleep. Clement and his sister had supped quietly and had retired to rest. A little after midnight, Penelope, who slept lightly, raised herself on her elbow to listen to an unusual sound in the basement story.

"It is just as though some one were trying the street-door," she said to herself. Then she listened more intently. For a few minutes all was still, then again came the sound. This time it was unmistakably the noise made by a key in the lock of the street-door. Penny promptly wrapped a shawl round her shoulders, thrust her feet into slippers, and ran softly and swiftly to Clement's door.

"Clem!" she cried, "Clem, get up for an instant. There's an odd noise down stairs. I'm not desperately frightened, but I should like to satisfy myself what it is. I will wait for you on the stairs."

She stood still, looking out of the staircase window into the darkness, and in a few minutes her brother joined her.

"What is it?" he asked, almost in a whisper.

"Some one tampering with the lock of the house-door. Hush! There again! Don't you hear it?"

"Yes; I hear it distinctly enough, but I don't think there can be any cause for alarm. I secured the fastening myself. Besides, house-breakers don't come to one's door and announce themselves in that way, and Heaven knows we have little to tempt thieves. However, we will see what it is."

As he spoke he struck a match and lit a candle. The noise down stairs grew louder. A key was being violently moved about in the lock, and the door shook and rattled.

"Shall I call Walter?" asked Penelope.

"Yes," answered her brother, after a moment's thought; "call him."

She knocked loudly at Walter's door, calling him at the same time by name, and urging him to rise. There was no response.

"If the house were on fire Wat would infallibly be burned in his bed," muttered Penelope, running down stairs. Clement was already in the passage, and the noise without had ceased. Penelope took the candle and held it while her brother undid the fastenings of the door. As soon as it was opened a man pushed into the passage and staggered against the wall. The flare of the candle fell full upon his face. It was Walter Charlewood. Clement had already raised his hand to repulse the intruder, but, on recognizing his brother, stood still, transfixed with surprise. Penelope gave a great start, but uttered no sound, and the three remained for some seconds silent and motionless.

"Where's my mother?" demanded Walter, at length, glaring wildly at the others. His face was pale, his hair disheveled, his dress disordered. He spoke thickly and huskily, and leaned against the wall behind him to support himself.

"Walter!" cried Clement, fixing his eyes upon his brother's face, "can I believe my senses! You here? *You*, whom we supposed to be asleep in your room hours ago, stealing into your home like a thief in the night! Oh, Wat, Wat! Why is this? What have we done that you should bring this sorrow and shame on us?"

Walter only replied by an oath, and folding his arms across his breast, looked doggedly at his brother.

"Clem," whispered Penelope, "say no more to him at present. The wretched boy is not himself. You see he has added drinking to the list of his vices. Let him get to rest now, and to-morrow we can speak to him more calmly."

"Thank God," murmured Clement, "that my mother is not here!"

"Ah, Clem," said Penelope, with a sigh, "I hardly dare to say what I suspect; but I greatly fear that my poor mother has witnessed similar scenes often before, when you and I supposed her to be peacefully at rest. Heaven help her—and us!"

During this whispered talk Walter had stood leaning against the wall, swaying to and fro, and frowning and biting his white lips. Now he looked up defiantly, and said: "Are we to stay here all night? Or do you mean to allow me to pass you and go to bed?"

Without a word Clement drew aside, and Walter, with a visible effort, straightened himself and walked to the stairs. He stumbled and staggered as he began to mount them, and Penelope covered her eyes with her hand to shut out the humiliating spectacle. They heard him open the door of his chamber and enter it.

"His own door was locked, you see, and he had the key with him," said Penny. Clement examined the street-door. There was a latch-key remaining in the lock outside, but owing to the inside fastenings having been secured, Walter had not been able to gain access to the house. Clement took possession of the latch-key, made all secure once more, and then turned and looked at his sister. Their eyes met, and Penelope, with a sudden impulse, seized her brother's hand and kissed it. "Oh, Clem, my dearest brother, such a return for your generous forbearance! Such a reward for your patient striving to shield and save him!"

Clement wrung her hand hard, but his face was still and stern. "Get to bed, dear," he said. "Try to sleep, Penny. There is to-morrow to come."

They parted and went to rest. All was again silent in the little house, except the loud ticking of a clock in the kitchen. But though there was silence there was not peace. Walter had fallen almost immediately into a heavy slumber, and his sister heard him breathing stertorously as she lay in the chamber over his. But Clement sat half-dressed, as he was revolving many thoughts in his mind, until daybreak; and Penelope lay wakeful and anxious in her bed, starting if a board creaked, straining her ears to listen to every sound; and when at length she fell into an uneasy sleep it was peopled with painful images.

A ray of bright sunshine falling on her face awoke her in the morning, and she started up with that vague feeling which most people have experienced on awaking after some sorrow or disaster; a consciousness of distress combined with a lurking hope that it will prove to have been all a dream.

It was no dream, however, as poor Penelope acknowledged to herself presently. She dressed quickly, and went down to the kitchen. It was yet so early that the little servant had not arrived. Penelope opened the shutters, lit a fire, and began to prepare the breakfast. While she was thus occupied Clement joined her.

"My poor boy!" she cried, seeing his haggard face, "you look as if you had been dead and buried since yesterday."

"If it were not for you and mother I should say no matter how soon I *am* dead and buried, Penny. It's weary work. Every thing that I set my heart on seems to crumble into dust."

He stood at the kitchen window, looking out on to the dreary crockery-bestrewn field, with its patches of rank grass, and its tall, gibbet-like posts, with their announcement respecting "this eligible plot of building ground," blistering in the sunshine. His sister was silent. She knew that no words of hers would sweeten the bitterness that was in his heart; but she had faith in him, and knew that the natural ebullition of hurt, angry feeling would leave him still brave, honest, and true-hearted at the core. By-and-by, when Penny was staggering under the weight of a great kettle she had just filled and brought from the scullery, he took it from her and placed it on the fire. As he did so his eyes fell on her hands, discolored, coarse, and dragged out of shape.

"Poor Penny," he murmured, absently, "how your hands are spoiled! They used to be so white and pretty."

The words touched some little feminine chord in her heart. Tears that real deep grief could rarely wring from her sprang into her eyes. She bent her head over the fire to hide them, but they dropped and dropped more and more thickly, until she covered her eyes with her hands, and, sinking into a chair, sobbed aloud. Her brother came to her, stroked her hair, and spoke soothingly, but she continued to weep for some time. At last the paroxysm wore itself out, and she wiped her eyes and composed her countenance.

"I hope you don't really suppose that I was crying in that idiotic manner over the departed beauty of my hands, eh, Clem? Because, however appearances may be against me, I have not yet reached *that* pitch of imbecility. But what you said seemed just to—to bring all kinds of troubles so vividly before my mind again, that—that— But I don't often indulge in this fashion, do I?"

"You're the best and bravest girl in the world, Penny."

"No, I'm not; but I like to hear you say so. Now, while we are waiting for the kettle to boil, would you mind telling me, Clement, what course you think of pursuing with that wretched, degraded boy up stairs?"

Penelope's face grew very hard as she spoke of Walter.

Clement had been thinking of little else during all those weary hours, and had shaped a plan in his mind, which he now proceeded to unfold to his sister.

Before the Charlewoods had left Hammerham, and while Clement's plans were yet undecided, old Stephens, the chief clerk who had grown gray in the service of the firm, had made some proffers of assistance to his young master. They were made with a good deal of hesitation, and with more delicacy than a cursory acquaintance with the brusque, dry-mannered Hammerham clerk might have led one to anticipate. He had first, in a somewhat roundabout fashion, offered to supply the family with any ready-money of which they might stand in need. On Clement's earnest and grateful assurance that such assistance was not necessary, Stephens had then broached a project which he thought promised well for Clement's future career. The old clerk had a brother who had been settled for many years at Rio Janeiro, and was a wealthy, thriving merchant there. "He's quite a great man there, is George," said Stephens, "and he hasn't forgotten old times nor old friends either, as great men do sometimes. If I was to write half a line to George he'd be proud and glad to have you in his counting-house, Mr. Clem, you may take my word for that, Sir. Now, you needn't to shake your head and smile, Mr. Clem. George was once a very poor helpless bit of a lad, not knowing quite certainly where next day's dinner was to come from; and the governor—Mr. Charlewood, Sir"—the old man's voice grew husky, and he turned away his head—"well, Sir, our governor, he gave him a helping hand. He knew the value of his money, did the governor, in those days, Mr. Clem, and he wasn't one to make ducks and drakes of it for the sake of making a flourish of generosity; but he gave George a helping hand, Sir; he *did*. The lad had a chance of a good berth out in those foreign parts, but he was too poor to take advantage of it, and, to make a long story short, Mr. Clem, the governor rigged him out with a good outfit, and gave him a pound or two in his pocket, and set him afloat. And that was the beginning of George's fortune, and if you asked him he'd tell you the same, Sir. It's five-and-twenty years ago, Mr. Clem; you were a toddling little chap in petticoats at the time. And I don't say but that the money was all paid back honorably many a long year ago. But there's some things that ought never to be forgotten if it was a thousand years. And I've never forgotten *that*, Mr. Clem; no more has George, either."

Had Clement been alone in the world he would doubtless have accepted the old clerk's offer and have tried his fortune abroad. But it would have been out of the question to take his mother and sister with him on such a venture, and he could not make up his mind to leave them. Besides, there was Walter, and the promise he had made to his father respecting him. So, considerably to Stephens's disappointment, the idea was abandoned, and Clement, as we have seen, obtained a situation in the house of Messrs. M'Culloch & Co., a building firm in London. But in his painful and anxious meditations about his brother, the recollection of Stephens's proposal had flashed on Clement's mind, and had seemed to offer a ray of hope, and a possible career for Walter, far away from the evil influences which appeared to surround him in England.

"It's only a very great deal too good for him," muttered Penelope, whose face, nevertheless, grew brighter as she listened to her brother.

"Whether it is good or bad for him—whether any thing can be good for him any more, infatuated boy—remains to be seen, Penny. But I think it is the only chance left for him. Of course we must tell Stephens the truth, painful though it may be. We can not let him send Walter to his brother's counting-house on any false pretenses. We must ask that he may be received on trial, and as a favor for which we should all be deeply grateful."

Penelope Charlewood—although all that was fine in her nature had ripened and mellowed under adversity—had not entirely freed herself from the influences of many years passed in money-worship, and among money-worshipers.

"It does seem hard," she said, half aloud, and with the steely glitter in her eyes—"it does seem *very* hard to have to ask a favor—and such a favor—from old Stephens!"

Clement looked at her reproachfully.

"The occasion of our asking the favor is hard enough, Penny," he said. "But surely it is good to know—"

"Oh yes, yes," she broke in, hastily. "I know it all, every bit. It's good to have a faithful friend, even though he be a Hammerham hired clerk, who wears high-lows and white cotton stockings. It's perfectly true, and I'm a good-for-nothing ungrateful creature. But, Clem, I *can't* get up to your moral altitudes, and it's no use trying. I only get a kind of moral crick in the neck by straining upward. I suppose there is *no* hope of Wat doing any good here?"

"I fear, none. I thought when I got him to return to our home that he would be comparatively safe, and under my own eye. But the discovery of last night has shown me that things are ten times worse than before. You see, there is no doubt that poor mother, in her weak affection, has connived at the vile deception, the practical lie, that Walter has been acting all this time. We can't deny that to ourselves."

Penny bit her lips, and checked an angry exclamation.

"When I think," she cried, "of her stealing down tremblingly night after night to unfasten the bolts, so that he might enter undiscovered with his key. Ah, poor mother, poor mother!"

"Yes, Penny; poor mother. She has been terribly misled by her indulgent love for Walter. But it is useless to say more on that head. One thing clearly results from this discovery, that there is no safety for Walter or for any of us so long as he remains at home."

Before the little servant rang to be admitted Clement and Penelope had breakfasted, and had agreed that it would be well for the former to have an interview alone with Walter before going to his office.

CHAPTER X.

SECRET SERVICE.

Chance had brought Mrs. Hutchins again into contact with the Trescotts. Her lodger, Mr. Shaw, was engaged at the same theatre with Mr. Trescott, and had renewed his acquaintance with Corda. Lingo's protecting regard for the little girl had, Jerry Shaw maintained, influenced his master in her favor. "We often talk of the time at Kilclare," said Jerry to Mr. Trescott, with inscrutable gravity, "and Lingo has always the kind word for your little white colleen."

With Corda's father and brother Mr. Shaw steadily refused to form any close acquaintance. Alfred, indeed, would have contemptuously rejected all advances toward intimacy on the part of Jerry Shaw, had any such been made. If he had any feeling at all for the old man it was dislike. But Jerry troubled neither father nor son, and limited his attention strictly to Corda. He would escort the child on long excursions into the country. They usually proceeded in the following manner: Corda was put into an omnibus, bound for some distant outskirt of London. Mr. Shaw would mount on to the top, and Lingo, if disposed for much exercise, would run by the side of the vehicle. Arrived at their destination, Mr. Shaw and his young companion would alight, and strike across some pleasant path through the fields, or along a pretty high-road, bordered with tangled hedges, and with a rustic inn or dwelling-house here and there breaking its monotony. Lingo trotted before them or beside them, or sometimes walked solemnly at their heels with a responsible air. These walks were very pleasant to Corda. She and her oddly-matched companion chatted together with quaint gravity. Jerry Shaw was well acquainted with the country, and with the hidden treasure-houses of delight and interest to be found in hedgerow, meadow, and coppice. He had wonderful stories to tell of his boyish days in Ireland (for to Corda he had long ceased to deny the land of his birth, as he sometimes chose to do to the rest of the world), of tramps over wide bog and barren mountain, of fishing in sequestered streams, of dangerous boating in the rock-bound bays and creeks of the blue Atlantic, of wild mad gallops over long desolate tracks of country on a half-broken spirited blood-horse.

Once Corda had said to him: "Then you must have been rich when you were young, Mr. Shaw, if you had a horse to ride upon." Jerry had thereupon shut his lips as with a spring, and for an hour had uttered no articulate sound, only the long sniff, which Corda had learned to interpret as a sign of dissatisfaction. But thenceforward the child's instinctive quickness and delicacy made her keen to avoid such occasions of offense. Jerry kept a scrupulously accurate register of the cost of all these excursions, and presented it weekly to Mr. Trescott for the payment of his daughter's share. Jerry was very poor, though, as he often boasted, he and Lingo did not owe a farthing in the world. The weekly account between himself and Mr. Trescott, however, was simply a homage to Corda's feelings. The old man perceived her to be uneasy at the idea that her father should allow her to be a burden on Mr. Shaw's slender purse. Corda was well enough acquainted with poverty to look upon sixpences as serious things; and the payment of her omnibus fare, performed in her presence with much ceremony, was a great relief to her tender conscience, and made her feel free to enjoy the pure air and pleasant rambles thus obtained; but there was no record kept of the cool leaves full of fresh dainty fruit, the bowls of rich milk, and slices of sweet country bread with which Corda was regaled on these occasions.

"I'm a peculiarly greedy old man," Jerry would say, in his jerky manner. "I never can see fresh fruit without wanting to buy some. Same with milk. Did ye ever taste buttermilk? Well, perhaps this is better, but it's a matter of taste, ye know. Ate up the rest of those cherries, Corda machree, and take warning by me. I'm so horribly greedy that when I see 'em, I think I want 'em, and when I've got 'em, divil a one of 'em can I swallow! It's a very bad thing to be greedy. Ate 'em up, colleen bawn."

Mrs. Hutchins's opinion of her lodger was very fluctuating. The rent for his one room was paid with exemplary punctuality, and the room itself was kept in a state of neat cleanliness that was a standing reproach to the slatternly condition of the rest of the house. But Lingo was a subject of unceasing wonder and curiosity in Mrs. Hutchins's mind; and his relations with his master appeared to her so mysterious as to warrant grave doubts whether Mr. Shaw were not some weird magician in disguise, and Lingo his familiar spirit.

"Talk of dogs of Montargis!" Mrs. Hutchins would say, argumentatively. "Show me the dog of Montargis as 'll go to the butcher's for his three-penn'orth of liver, and bring it home in his mouth! I think there's summat queer about the beast. I do raly."

"Something queer," in Mrs. Hutchins's vocabulary meant something that she did not quite comprehend; and whatever Mrs. Hutchins did not quite comprehend she invariably supposed to be evil. Mr. Shaw was, however, a favorite with his landlord. His punctuality, his neatness, his honesty, and his taciturnity, recommended themselves favorably to Mr. Hutchins. The latter had himself a great command of silence, which was one of his wife's cherished grievances; and the dumb nod that passed between him and his lodger whenever they chanced to meet, appeared to be in consonance with Mr. Hutchins's feelings, and to draw him toward old Jerry with an attraction that neither cordiality of manner nor eloquence of speech could have exercised. Jerry's opinion of the saturnine, elf-locked carpenter, was confidentially expressed to Lingo, and was not unfavorable. "Ay, ay," said he, in the tone of voice that a man uses who is unable to cope with another in argument but retains a stubborn conviction struggling for utterance, "ay, ay, I know he's not *your* sort. Too dry. No warmth of manner. You're as explosive as a rocket yourself. Touch and go; and, I often tell you, your weak point is betraying your feelings. The fact is, you're all wag with your friends." (By which phrase Mr. Shaw intended no reference to Lingo's buoyant sense of humor, but merely alluded to his tail.) "But Hutchins isn't a bad fellow. Any man married to that woman *must* end by being either a mute or a murderer. By George! I'd like to know which you'd have done yourself under the circumstances? Aha!"

Lingo blinked with one eye, gave a lazy thump of his tail on the floor, and, opening his jaws in a prodigious yawn, showed a formidable range of strong yellow teeth, in exceedingly good condition.

"Of coorse ye would!" exclaimed Jerry, triumphantly, and as if he had received the fullest categorical reply. "Of coorse ye would, divil doubt ye!"

This conversation—if the word may be so used, in Jerry's imagination it was decidedly so—was taking place on the Monday succeeding the evening made memorable by Mr. Fluke's charity sermon. Jerry Shaw was seated at the table, spectacles on nose, mending a pair of trowsers with great neatness and dexterity, and Lingo lay stretched at his feet. Suddenly the dog pricked up one ear attentively, there came a tap at the door, and the next moment Mr. Hutchins put his head into the room.

"Talk of the ——umph!" muttered old Jerry aside to Lingo. Then he nodded at his landlord, and motioned him to enter. Mr. Hutchins peered at his lodger from beneath his tangled black locks with a helpless perplexed expression. He had seen the old man daily for three or four months, and had never yet spoken to him. It appeared to require a great effort to begin. At length, however, he said, in a strong Hammerham dialect, "Her's very bad."

"Her! Who?" asked Shaw, looking up.

"The little wench. Cordy they calls her."

Before he had well uttered the words Jerry had sprung to his feet, and the dog, seeing the sudden movement, ran toward the door in violent excitement.

"Now, now, now," said Jerry, hastily buttoning his coat, "be aisy—be cool. Don't be putting yourself into this state. I know. I'm going. But take my advice and lie down for two seconds."

The docile beast obeyed, keeping his intelligent eyes upon his master's face, and obviously ready to leap up again at a moment's notice.

"What's the matter? Who told you?" asked Mr. Shaw.

"Well, it wur the young woman where they lodges. I see her this mornin'. And her says the little wench wur took bad last night, her says. Her's abed now, her says."

The delivery of this address—Mr. Hutchins being almost entirely unaccustomed to private as well as to public speaking—took some time. When it was finished Mr. Shaw was already making his way down stairs. Lingo, conscious of some unusual excitement, bounded eagerly before him. Mr. Hutchins opened the street-door with his strong workman's hand.

"Her's a—a nice mild little wench," said he, hesitatingly. "Niver blethers nor bounces, *her* doesn't. I wish—I shud-like—I—"

"Thank ye," said Jerry, with a sparkle in his stolid gray eye. "I understand. I'll tell her that you asked kindly for her, and send your duty, and hope she'll soon get better."

Mr. Hutchins nodded expressively. Hammerham artisans do not habitually touch their caps to their superiors. Mr. Hutchins, however, made some approach to doing so by pulling a straggling lock of hair that hung over his eyes. The action was intended to convey his consciousness that the shabby old man, who lodged in his house at the weekly rent of five shillings, and who mended his own trowsers, was a gentleman. A fact to the perception of which his wife's finer poetical faculties had not yet attained.

Jerry Shaw, preceded by Lingo, arrived at the Trescotts' lodgings. Mr. Trescott was out. Corda was still in bed. The doctor had just left her. The servant didn't think there was much the matter. Did not know what her illness was. Hoped it was nothing catching. Could not tell whether the child might see any body or not. She was alone now.

Mr. Shaw stood hesitating in the narrow passage, and the servant, holding the door in her hand, was trying to edge him out into the street again, when a loud bark from the upper story was followed by the tinkle of a cracked bell.

"Lord bless us!" cried the servant, a low-browed, cross-grained woman, "the little gurl's a ringin'. *I* ain't got time to be nursery-maid."

Jerry silently—he did most things silently—hung his hat and crooked stick on a peg in the passage, and walked softly up stairs. Corda was still occupying her brother's room. Alfred had not been home since she had fallen ill, and the doctor had desired that for the present, at least, the child should not be moved. The old man stood at the half-open door for a minute, tapped softly, and then went in.

Corda was lying in bed, with one thin blue-veined hand outside the coverlet. Lingo was sitting on his haunches at the bedside, and in this posture his head just attained the level of the little frail hand into which he had thrust his nose. Corda's face was turned toward the door. Her cheeks were flushed, and her large eyes blazed feverishly. The gold-brown curls were thrown back from her forehead, as though they had heated it.

"Oh, *good* Mr. Shaw!" she cried when she saw him, and big bright tears gathered in her eyes, and rolled down her face on to the bed-clothes.

"I knew you were here, because Lingo came up stairs to tell me. He startled me a little at first by barking, but he didn't know that I must be quiet. When I told him what the doctor said he was very still and gentle, weren't you, Lingo?"

Lingo's tail, stretched on the floor at right angles with his body, vibrated with suppressed emotion, but he remained otherwise motionless.

"Colleen bawn, this won't do," said Mr. Shaw, abruptly, but in a subdued voice. "What's to become of *us* if ye fall sick on our hands, will ye tell me that?"

Corda smiled. "Oh, I am not *very* sick, Mr. Shaw. I shall soon be better. And I am not crying because I'm sorry," added the child, with sensitive apprehension lest he should be hurt, "but because I'm glad to see you. It's debility, the doctor says. Do you think it *is* debility?"

"If the doctor says so, Corda asthore, it's probably—true," replied Jerry, ending his speech with an air of saying something unexpected. "But what knocked you over so sudden, mavourneen?"

Jerry's lips had been long unused to accents of tenderness, and with their resumption came the familiar phrases of his boyhood. Caressing words that had been crooned into his ear by nurse or mother in the old, old time. Corda looked up at him with solemn, searching eyes—eyes that had *forgotten themselves*, and were intent on seeing, with no idea of seeming. A thought flashed up into her face as she looked, and trembled over the sensitive countenance like sunlight on clear waters. "I wonder," she said; and then ceased, and dropped her eyes.

"If I would do something for you? Is that your wonder, you mysterious little Leprechaun?"

"Yes, partly. And if—if it would be right to ask you."

"Sorra a fear of that, machree, if you think you'd like to ask it."

Corda shook her head doubtfully. "I wish I was sure," she said. "Isn't it hard to be *sure*, Mr. Shaw? I thought and thought all yesterday evening, and nearly all night, and then at last I said my prayers, and afterward I felt—I *hoped* that God would let me do what was right, if I tried *really*, you know."

Jerry Shaw watched the child keenly. He was puzzled. "What can be troubling that pure tender conscience?" thought he.

Corda pushed her hand beneath the pillow that supported her head, and drew forth a letter.

"Would you," she asked, "would you get me a pen and ink from the parlor, Mr. Shaw? They would not let me have them yesterday."

"Did you want to write, then?" cried Jerry, more and more perplexed.

"Only the direction. The inside of the letter is written. I did it with a pencil."

"But, Corda, is that all the great favor you had to ask of me? It's a mighty little matter to make such a fuss about!"

"No; not quite all. If you would please to get me the pen and ink first, I will tell you what I want to ask afterward."

Mr. Shaw descended to the parlor in silence, took up the inkstand and a pen that had seen long service, and returned to Corda's bedside with them. She thanked him, and sitting up in bed, scrawled a direction on the envelope. Then she turned to Mr. Shaw, still holding the letter firmly in her hand, and said: "This is the favor, Mr. Shaw. Will you put this letter in the post for me? I wouldn't ask you if I was able to go out and do it myself. And—stop a moment, please, that's not all. Will you promise not to look at the direction, and never to tell any body about the letter, not—not even papa?"

"Corda!"

"Indeed, I think it's right. Indeed, indeed I do. I know it seems sly and secret, but I hope I am doing what is best. Pray believe me."

She was so excited, and trembled so much, that the old man made her lie down, smoothed her hair from her brow, and bathed her forehead with some eau-de-Cologne that stood on the table. The sweet water was the property of her brother. Alfred Trescott was prone to indulge in such personal luxuries. But old Jerry neither knew nor cared any thing about that. Presently Corda spoke again.

"If you think you can't promise, Mr. Shaw, I shall know it is because you think it would not be right. And you are much older and wiser than I, and I shall be sure you are not a bit unkind."

"I can promise, Corda, and I do promise. There's my word on it."

"Oh, thank you—thank you a thousand times! And I hope—I do hope you don't think ill of me for it." Corda glanced up very wistfully into his face as she spoke.

"Lingo," said Jerry Shaw, "exert your fine common-sense and good feeling. Don't be sitting there on end like a china dog on a chimney-piece! Bedad, you're a quare fish: there's times when I can scarcely make you out myself. Tell Corda what we think of her."

The dog, who had watched his master's face unwinkingly during this address, rose up with his fore-paws resting on the bed, stretched out his rough head, and gently pushing aside her sleeve with his nose, licked Corda's fair slight hand and arm affectionately.

"I'm proud of ye, Sir," said Jerry, seizing Lingo's bushy tail, and shaking it with much heartiness. "You're a fine fellow, and I'm proud of ye. Now I'm going to do my errand. I sha'n't be long gone, and, meanwhile, you will remain with this lady and take care of her; d'ye hear me, now? Your behavior this day has done equal honor to your head and heart, let me tell you that!"

Jerry took Corda's letter, carefully abstaining from glancing at the address on the cover.

"Oh! which letter-box will I put it into, asthore? Town or country?" he asked, pausing with his hand on the door.

"Town, please, Mr. Shaw," answered Corda, faintly, a bright blush flitting over her face.

"Very good, Corda. Now take my advice and lie still, and go to sleep if you can. You're worried and overwrought altogether. And, Lingo, don't bother her with talk; d'ye mind me, now? Be aisy and quiet, and watch her silently."

Old Jerry's hobbling footsteps died away down the stairs, and the street-door was heard to shut behind him.

Lingo gently withdrew his head from Corda's caressing hand, gave it a final hearty lick as an assurance of his unaltered regard, and then stretched himself on the floor with his nose between his fore-paws, as motionless as a stone, save for the heaving of his shaggy sides.

END OF BOOK V.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

MORE than twenty years ago the "Millerites" fixed the time when they believed the wicked would be destroyed, and Christ would come to reign in person upon this earth over all the good. Some even went so far as to fix the exact day and hour of His appearance; some erected tents upon the open plains, and prepared robes which they deemed fitting to be worn upon such an occasion. But the appointed time passed—a mistake had been made in the calculations—and another time, a few years later, was announced. This, again, having passed without any thing unusual transpiring, 1867 was fixed as the year of the Second Advent of Christ. Some looked for the event in April, and then again in September. A great deal of ridicule has been cast upon this sect, who are now generally known by the name of "Second Adventists." But the truth is, that, while some of them have fanatically fixed the day and hour, most of them, without fixing the date, merely expect the personal coming of Christ *soon*. And, however mistaken they may be in this and in other points of their creed, it is certainly both unchristian and unwise to *burlesque* their religious faith, or that of any who are sincere. Ridicule will embitter the feelings, but seldom convince of error.

In many sections of the country the Adventist's have been holding camp-meetings this fall. We recently chanced to be in a place where the session was continued nearly a fortnight, and the tent was often crowded, numbers of the town's people attending the meetings out of mere curiosity. For the same reason we dropped in one evening about nine o'clock. There happened to be but a small attendance that night, and the tent was not half filled. There was no disorder apparent, unless the lazy lounging of some village youths on the back seats could be called such. When we entered the speaker was concluding a discourse, the design of which was to prove that the wicked would eventually be utterly destroyed. On the conclusion of this sermon, another Adventist briefly gave his reasons for believing that the earth would be the place of reward to the good—and that the devil would be destroyed as well as other wicked beings. He stated that he believed every word of the Bible, but that he understood it as it read—that the word "immortality" occurred only five times in the Bible, and in no instance did he consider that it referred to the soul as immortal *in itself*—that God had implanted in man a strong desire for life and a dread of death; and that eternal life was to be the reward of the good, and eternal death the punishment of the bad. He ended his remarks by an earnest appeal to sinners to seek eternal life.

Thus much we individually learned of the Adventists' creed in the course of half an hour. They preach, however, many other peculiar points of belief, and, we are told, are not always so quiet and reasonable in their ways and words as in this particular instance. They have attracted considerable attention in many localities, and not unfrequently strangely-crazed men follow in their path. While the camp-meeting was holding its session in the place above referred to, there appeared at one of the village churches, on Sunday, a mild-looking man, whose long, flowing hair attracted universal attention. He sat quietly throughout the service, but at the Sabbath-school, which followed, he begged permission of the Superintendent to address the school. He said he had a "revelation of love" to those children; that *he* was Christ, and had been crucified; and that the Advent people were dangerous and wrong. It was with some difficulty that he was prevented from carrying out his design, and he assured the Superintendent that the sin would rest upon his own head. The next day he called at several private houses to warn the people of dangerous doctrines, and to declare himself to be Christ.

There are certainly no indications that the millennium has commenced; "the old serpent, which is the devil, and Satan," is by no means bound nor shut up. On the contrary, he seems to be roaming about with great freedom, and if actions are any criterion "many are possessed of him." Villainy and crime are rampant. Forgeries and embezzlements are everyday occurrences. The streets of quiet country-places are becoming unsafe at night. Young girls are drugged, and little children forcibly abducted. From many similar instances we mention one, so that parents may more carefully guard their little ones. A bright, lively little girl, living in Millbury, Massachusetts, while returning from school recently, was seized by a strange man, gagged to stop her screams, and put into a carriage. Most fortunately just at this crisis a traveler passed by, and the child was rescued.

Boston thinks that New York will have to be a little more deferential toward the "Hub" now that its borders are enlarged, and a prospect ahead that it will grow still more next winter. Dorchester has made proposals of union, and Bostonians are generally delighted, and regard this as an easy mode of growth.

A man in Hendricks County, Indiana, named James Adams, recently ate thirty-two peaches, a couple of musk-melons, one raw sweet potato, and drank two gallons of buttermilk. He leaves a widow. Should suppose such a glutton would *re-lieve* the poor woman.

It seems almost incredible that such beauty and perfectness as some chromos exhibit can be attained by a process of art. A chromo-lithograph is a picture printed in colors from stone. Every different color requires its own printing from its own stone. By passing the same prepared paper through ten or even twenty successive printings, from as many different stones, a finished result is obtained which almost exactly resembles the original painting. A last impression is made to leave upon the surface a canvas-like look, which renders the resemblance to an oil painting almost absolute.

The Episcopal church of St. Paul, Buffalo, is said to be undergoing repairs to fit it for the new bishop, Cox. This edifice is an imposing structure, and has a chime of bells which cost $15,000.

Some things can be carried safely in a gentleman's hat, and some things can not—at least not when it is upon his head. This was recently demonstrated by a Worcester gent, who, when carrying home a dozen of eggs in his hat, happened to meet a young lady of his acquaintance. He politely lifted his hat to her, when smash went the eggs at her feet! The poor man says he never wants to see an egg again.

A story is told of a French lady who exclaimed, as she took a glass of water in her hand, "Oh, if it were only wicked to drink this, how nice it would be!" That is just human nature. If children are gratuitously told not to do a thing they are pretty likely to experience an intense desire to do it which was unfelt before; and somehow we never wholly outgrow this curious inclination.

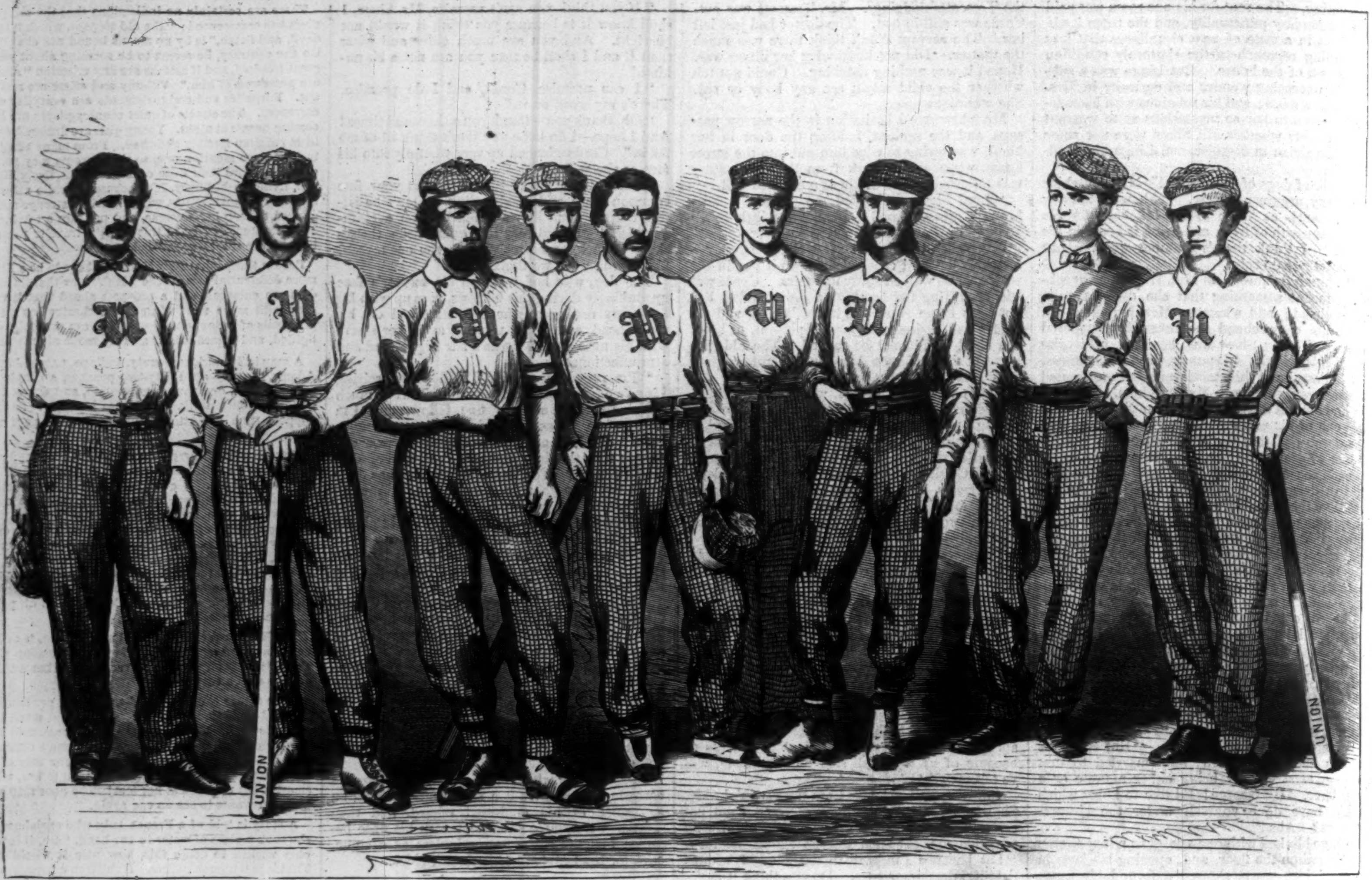
In Buenos Ayres bread is now a special luxury, quite out of the reach of any but the most wealthy persons. Flour was $500 a barrel at the last accounts and still on the rise. Fortunately money is plenty and meat abundant and cheap, so the people will not starve.

The Chicago *Advance* advocates naturalness in religion, and apparently approves of a suitable use of humor, even in sermons. It quotes one of Spurgeon's pointed sayings. He was insisting on brief and varied exercises in meetings for prayer and conference, when he remarked: "I never like to have one of my deacons pray for half an hour, and conclude with asking the Lord to forgive our *short comings!*" The pun doubtless cured many of the habit in question more effectually than any grave rebuke would have done. The *Advance* goes on to say: "We may as well learn to be natural in religion, and to laugh at laughable things, as well as to weep over those that are mournful. Isaiah once preached on the folly of idolatry, and drew a picture of the ridiculous conduct of the man who selected a log of wood, and made a god out of one part and cooked his dinner with the remainder! We suspect it was one of the most effective of his discourses, even if it excited a smile when delivered."

"Carleton," in writing to the Boston *Journal*, speaks of a recent visit to Brougham Hall, Penrith, the residence of Lord Henry Brougham, who has been an actor in English political life for half a century. Visitors are permitted to ramble freely over his estate, on which there is no lavish display of wealth, but ease and comfort is every where manifest. Lord Brougham is in his ninetieth year, and still in vigorous health. "My lord is quite well for an old man," said the gardener, in answer to some inquiries; "he rides out three times a day, which is pretty well for a man of his years. He has a fine estate, but he must soon leave it. His children have gone before him—two daughters, both dead. His brother will take his title. Men can't carry their titles with them."

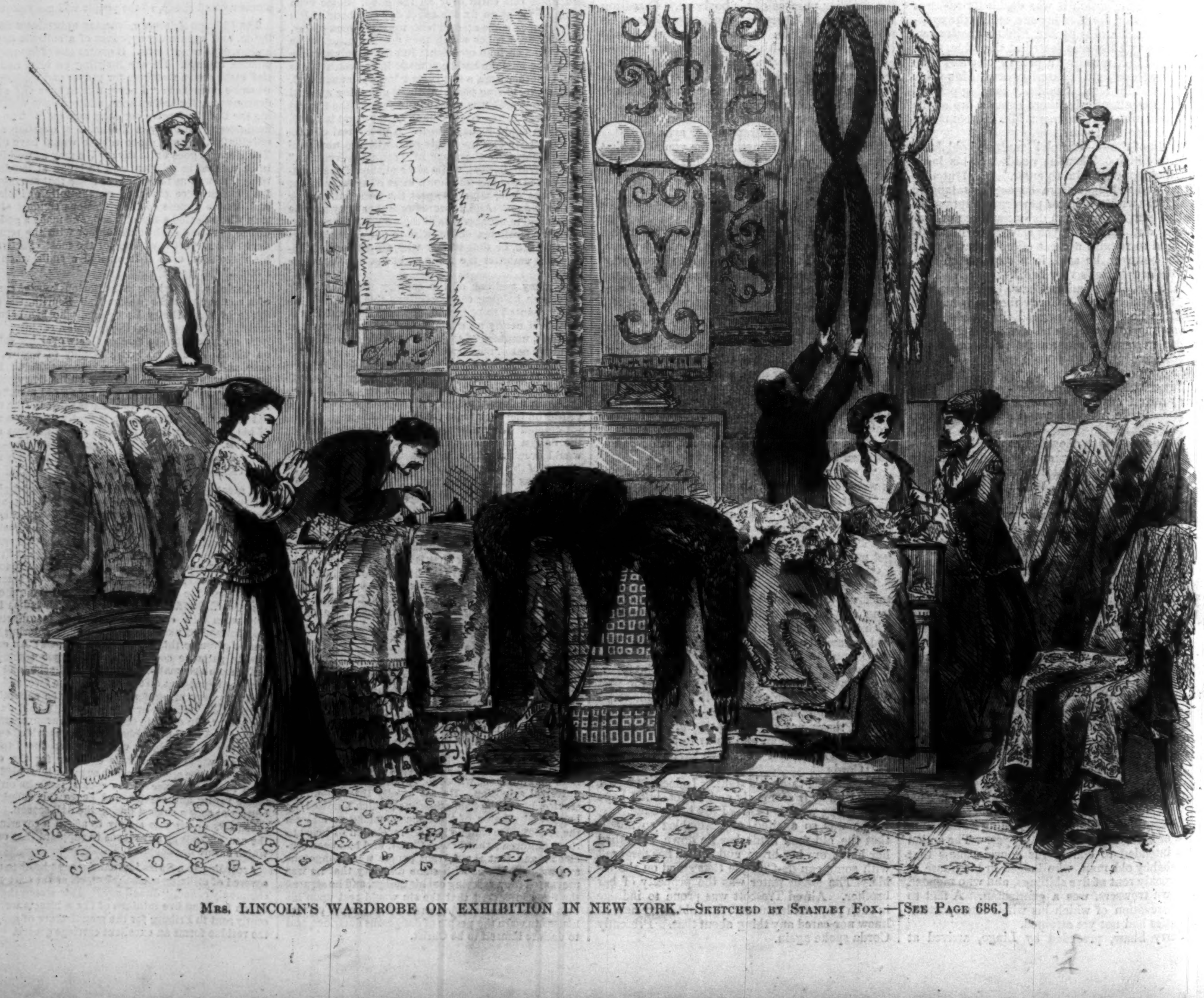
A great deal has been said in the newspapers about "false ears"—among numerous other falsities—and a thousand stones have been thrown at the poor ladies for their vanity and folly in attempting to beautify their auricular organs. Doubtless they have deserved for *something* all the criticism they have received; but not for this special foible, it seems. According to the *Queen*, the great sensation which this "ornament" has produced in Paris and London has been quite unnecessary. Neither French nor English ladies have ever worn false ears—that is to say, manufactured ears instead of natural; and the only coloring that can be given to this *canard* is as follows: An enterprising patentee considered that people sometimes suffer from rheumatism, earache, toothache, and other aches dependent on the nerves of the face, and also that it is very uncomfortable to get the ears full of water while bathing, or nipped up with cold during the winter. In order to obviate these inconveniences, he invented an India-rubber covering, moulded exactly to the natural shape, which he introduced to the Parisian world as a simple covering for the ears. Hence the false scent on which so many journals have been running; hence all the caustic remarks on woman's vanity and caprice, and hence the delight of editors at such a subject during the dull season. The inventor's object was simply to afford a covering to the ear, and not by any means to supplant that organ which nature has supplied.

According to a Swiss journal a means has been discovered of utilizing cock-chafers, or, as they are more commonly called, "June-bugs." It is stated that between four and five millions of these insects were recently sent to Friburg for the manufacture of gas, and the residue forms an excellent carriage grease.

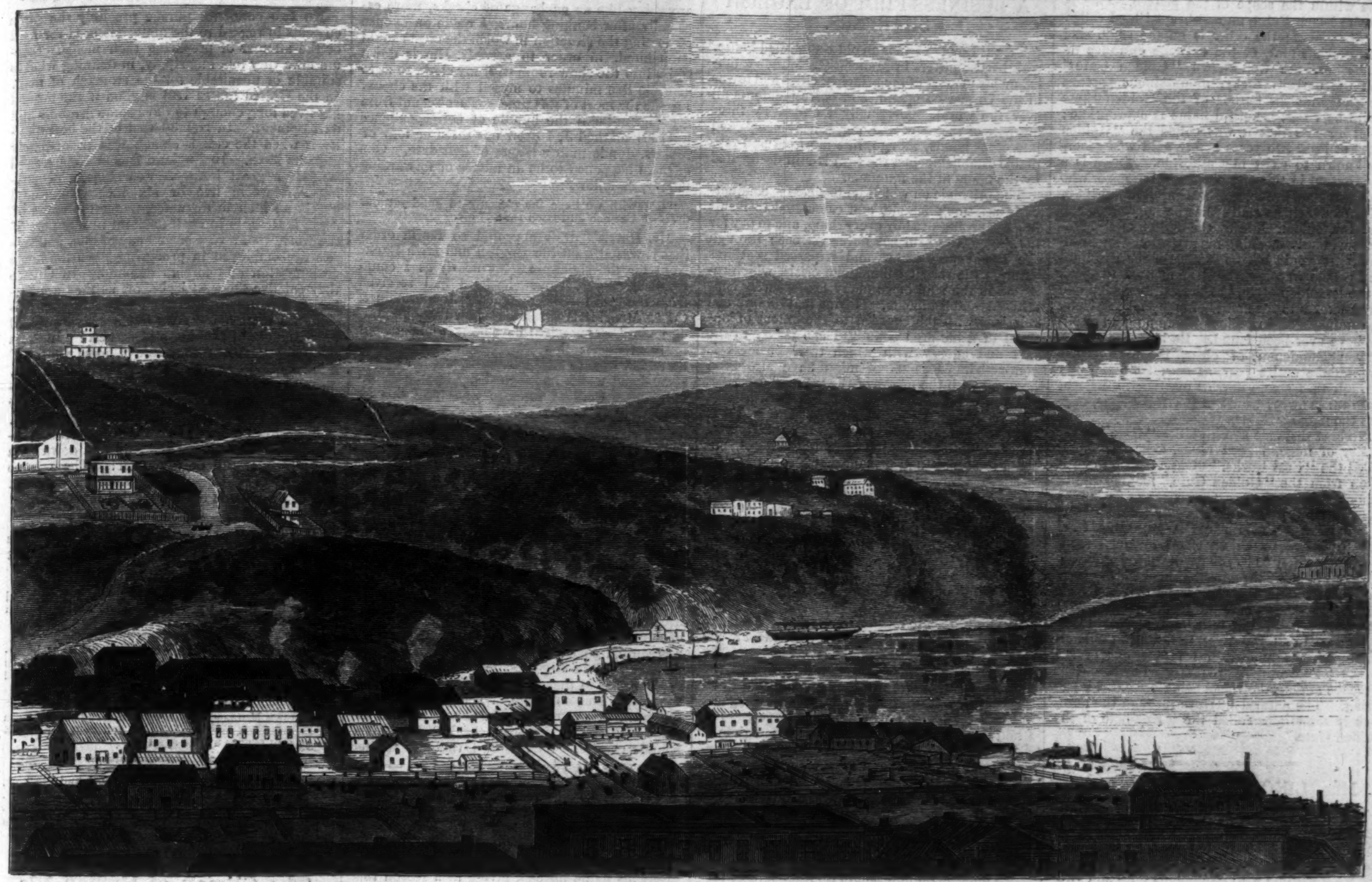


THE CHAMPION NINE OF THE UNION BASE-BALL CLUB OF MORRISANIA, NEW YORK.—Photographed by Grotecloss, 226 Bleecker Street.

[See Page 685.]



Mrs. LINCOLN'S WARDROBE ON EXHIBITION IN NEW YORK.—Sketched by Stanley Fox.—[See Page 686.]



SAN FRANCISCO AND ITS OUTER HARBOR, LOOKING TOWARD THE GOLDEN GATE.

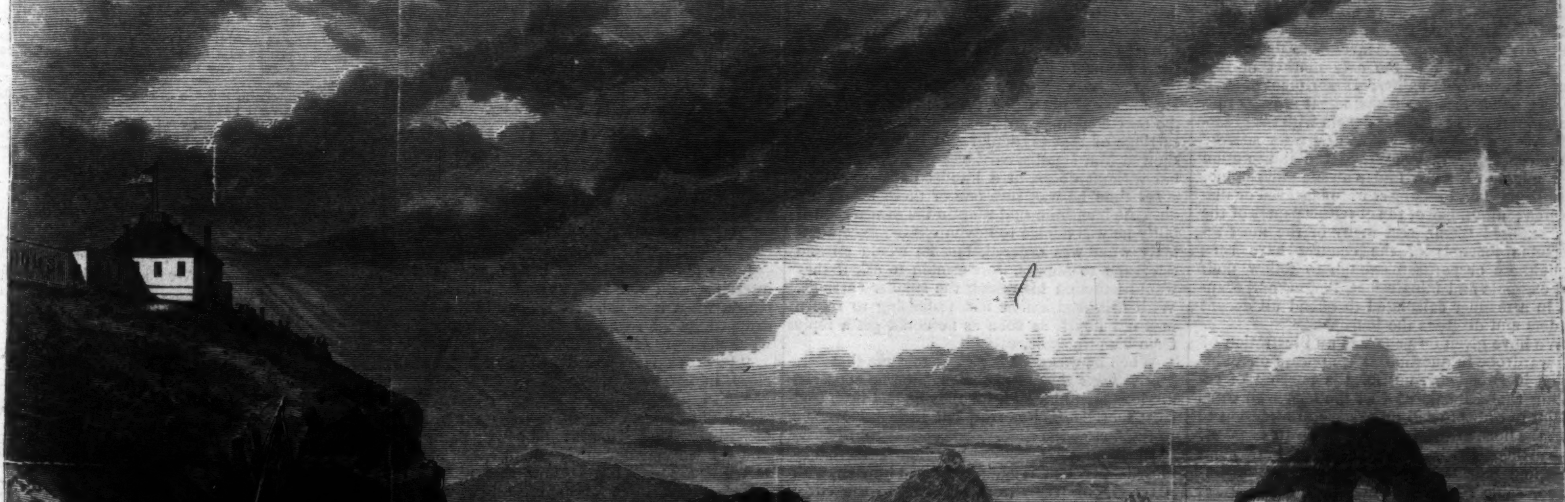
THE BASE-BALL CHAMPIONSHIP.

HAVE we not of late had something too much of these "championship" follies? It was natural that prize-fighters and men of such ilk should run into beastly extremes and become champion bruisers and gamblers; but it is not pleasant to witness young gentlemen racing across the Atlantic with only dollars and cents as incentives; or to see young collegians animated in the pursuance of their sports by any other than a generous rivalry, or condescending to bet upon their respective fellow-students as on so many favorite horses; or to find young men, whom it was supposed took part in outdoor sports for the exercise they afford, demeaning themselves by small trickeries, and by indulging largely in desperate gambling. So common has betting become at base-ball matches that the most respectable clubs in the country indulge in it to a highly culpable degree, and so common have been the tricks by which games have been "sold" for the benefit of gamblers that the most respectable of participants have been suspected of this baseness. Even in the last match for the championship, between the Atlantics of Brooklyn and the Unions of Morrisania, there have been vague hints of treachery and trickery, and the players who win, as well as the players who lose, come forth from the contest without honor to be told of "stained escutcheons" and similar unpleasant things.

We give on page 684 portraits of the "Nine of the Union Club" who won the championship in the game referred to. It took place on October 10, and was closely contested, the score resulting in 13 innings for the Atlantic and 14 for the Union Club. The latter now holds the champion ball, but is pledged to play all comers, and may therefore not hold it a great while.

CALIFORNIA VIEWS.

WE give on this page two views in the bay of San Francisco, California. The first is taken from the west slope of Telegraph Hill, in the city, looking toward the "Golden Gate," as the narrow entrance to the bay is called. It shows the outskirts of the city, along the North beach, and the mountainous shore on the opposite side. The further promontory, covered with a thick growth of dark, native shrubbery, is known as Black Point, and is fortified The two other forts for the protection of San Francisco do not



THE SEAL ROCKS AND CLIFF HOUSE NEAR SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

come within the scope of the picture. One is opposite Black Point, on an abrupt island called the Alcatraces; the other is on the same side with Black Point, at the extreme entrance of the harbor—the well-known "Golden Gate." That the narrow, rocky, mountainous passage into the principal harbor of the Golden State should bear that beautiful name is appropriate; yet it appears that it was called the "Golden Gate" at least two years before gold was generally known to exist in California. There is a letter extant in this city, from a ship-master who traded at San Francisco, bearing date April 30, 1846, in which he states that he hopes "to sail in at the Golden Gate by the middle of September," evidently meaning his arrival at San Francisco. It would not be strange if the five hundred people who then lived there used to speak of the "Golden Gate," as the words golden and silver enter into the names of many lakes, rivers, mountains, etc., in regions where no gold or silver have ever been found. Besides, the almost daily phenomenon of clear, flaming sunsets through the entire year, as seen from the city through that steep, narrow opening to the sea, seven miles away, would of itself, it seems, suggest the name "Golden Gate."

A short distance south of the "Gate" is the cluster of huge, jagged rocks, near the shore, called the "Seal Rocks." Our view of them is taken from the "Golden Gate," looking south. Among these rocks great numbers of seals may be heard and seen at almost any time sporting in the waves. This place is accessible from San Francisco by an excellent artificial road, and is much visited by the people of the city, who drive out to enjoy the entertainments of the Cliff House, to roll in their carriages over the hard beaten sea-beach where the long, smooth undulation of the Pacific rolls and plashes softly along; or, in stormy times, to listen to the loud-talking surges and doleful intonations of the seals. These animals are protected by law, their presence among the rocks being esteemed interesting. The natural aperture through the outer rock is sometimes called the "Key-hole of the Golden Gate."

MRS. LINCOLN'S WARDROBE.

NOTHING can be more distasteful than the very reprehensible course which a majority of the papers of this country have pursued in accompanying their notices of the sale of MRS. LINCOLN's wardrobe with scandalous tales and vituperative language respecting the lady's private character; nor can we understand the logic by which so many of them conclude that MRS. LINCOLN is not merely without good taste but actually guilty of gross misdemeanor in endeavoring to sell her wardrobe.

A rich and extensive wardrobe was absolutely necessary to her position as mistress of the White House; its domestic arrangements and social hospitalities could not be conducted in the blue jeans or linsey-woolseys of her native State. Suddenly, by a national calamity, doubly severe as a private bereavement to her, she was transferred to another and more private station, in which the widow's weeds which she had assumed were most appropriate, and in which station of life, in a small interior town of a Western State, with but a small fortune (not five times greater in value than the wardrobe she now desires to dispose of), she could have no use for rich silk and satin robes and lace and cashmere shawls. Naturally enough she endeavored to dispose of them. New York is the *only* market in this country for such an extensive assortment of such goods; and here she sent them. It appears that she endeavored to dispose of them with the greatest secrecy; in her excessive desire for secrecy she inconsiderately committed the indiscretion of coming to the city under an assumed name. The disguise and its object were betrayed or discovered; a number of the obscurer papers of the city exposed them; and many of the most respectable journals of the country have been thoughtless or partisan enough to follow their bad example and mingle fact, fiction, and scandal in a manner calculated to offend all decent readers and disgrace the journals.

We have given on page 684 an illustration of the wardrobe in question as it appears on exhibition in Broadway, not for the purpose of retailing the scandals against the lady who owns it, but in order to call more general attention to it in the hope of doing something for its disposal. The articles consist of several camel hair, point lace, and Paisley shawls, point lace dresses unmade, sable cape and boa, point lace parasol cover, several diamond rings, etc., etc. The articles on exhibition and for sale cost over $15,000.

DRONES IN A BEE-HIVE.

ABOUT eight thousand bees, on an average, are supposed to constitute a good working family. Drones are large, clumsy-looking insects, with stings, and destitute of apparatus for gathering honey. They are males, whose presence is tolerated by general consent till the eggs give evidence of being fertilized. Till that point is fully established the drones are permitted to range throughout the interior, and feed luxuriously from cell to cell without restraint. But the mandate is issued for their utter destruction when the existence of life is discoverable in eggs. By united action a fearful slaughter ensues, and no cessation is discoverable till every drone is absolutely dead. Sometimes a poor wretch escapes from the hive and falls to the ground, but he is hunted for with savage energy, and stung and restung in the most vital parts till death terminates his sufferings. Order and systematic labor immediately recommences, and her majesty the queen is at peace with her living subjects.

A BUSINESS-FIRM OF ENGLISH SHARPERS.

THE "Long" Firm is an old-established house, with head-quarters in Manchester, branch establishments in most of the principal cities and towns in the United Kingdom, and correspondents all over the world. Originally founded by three brothers of the name of Long, it has since passed into other hands, though, like most old and reputable establishments, the firm is still designated by the name of the founders.

The principle on which its business is conducted is extremely simple, and calculated to result in large profits—to buy every thing, and to pay for nothing. The firm has never yet been through the Bankruptcy Court, and it passed scathless through the recent commercial crisis, which resulted in the ruin of so many less securely constituted establishments. Having had commercial relations with the concern to the extent of upward of a hundred pounds, I can testify to the tact and energy with which their business is conducted. Friends of mine have also been honored with the favors of the "Long" Firm.

I am a provincial coach-maker, with a large export trade. In September, 1864, a well but not over dressed man, about thirty, of Hebrew descent, and of very gentlemanly address, entered my office, and presented this card:

Messrs. Jondermain & Co.,
Shippers,
Gracechurch Street,
London.

The time of day was afternoon, two hours before banks closed.

"You are acquainted with my firm, I believe, and have had previous dealings with them?" he remarked.

I well remembered the familiar card of the house. Three years previously I had had dealings with Messrs. Jondermain, to whose agents in the West Indies I then exported largely. But I had done nothing with them since that time.

"My name," he continued, "is Alfred Harris. I am Messrs. Jondermain's agent in Havre. They are extending their connection in various quarters, and I have been associated with the firm but recently—much later than the period at which you formerly did business with them."

I then inquired after the health of the junior partner, which I knew had been very delicate.

"Young Mr. Jondermain is still in a most precarious state; he has been in Madeira for the last few months, but is sinking rapidly, and we fear will never return."

All this tallied with what I knew of the young gentleman. If I had had any suspicion at the time (which I had not) this would have dispelled it.

"A widow lady at Havre, a friend of Mr. Jondermain's," Mr. Harris proceeded, "newly returned from the West Indies, and accustomed to use one of your carriages there, has commissioned me to purchase a similar carriage of your make for her present requirements. I left Mr. Jondermain in London this morning, who has indorsed the order, and, in fact, given me a draft to pay for it."

Mr. Harris was then taken into the show-room, where he immediately selected the carriage required. This again looked right, for it was one of the kind previously sent, per Messrs. Jondermain, to the West Indies. It was a large door-cab phaeton. I informed Mr. Harris that this carriage was already sold; that it would take some weeks to finish another like it; and that the price was one hundred and forty pounds. He appeared much disappointed; told me that the lady could not wait, and that he must get a carriage of that particular sort immediately. I showed him smaller carriages of the same sort, but without doors, at a hundred guineas. For some time he was sure one of these would not do. At length he said that on his own responsibility he was unable to buy any thing except exactly what was ordered, but he would go and telegraph to Messrs. Jondermain to ask if they would sanction his taking the smaller carriage. With this decision he left, promising to return in a few hours, as soon as he could get a reply from his principals.

When he was gone my clerk told me that Mr. Harris *knew* this particular phaeton he appeared anxious for to be sold, for that he had been told so. I attached, however, but little importance to the fact at the time.

In about three hours—one hour after banks closed—Mr. Harris again presented himself, with a telegraphic reply from his firm, to the effect that, as he best knew the lady's requirements, they would leave the matter to his judgment.

On this Mr. Harris agreed to take the smaller phaeton at one hundred guineas, and requested an account to be made out and receipted. The customary discount to the firm having been deducted, he begged very hard for a commission on the transaction for himself; indeed, he was nearly a quarter of an hour haggling over this question with true Israelitish skill; but the claim was not allowed.

Thereupon protesting it was a very hard case, Mr. Harris produced a check, given him that morning, he said, by his employers, with which to pay for the carriage. The amount of the check was one hundred and thirty pounds, intended, as he explained, to purchase the larger phaeton. After the amount of bargaining he had previously displayed, it appeared reasonable enough to suppose that his first intention had been, after beating me down as low as he could, to have finally offered this draft for one hundred and thirty pounds in payment for the one hundred and forty pounds carriage. So far it looked natural and in accordance with Hebrew business. In the present instance, however, he required thirty pounds change from his check.

Always accustomed to regard with suspicion any thing like an exchange of checks, more especially after banking hours, I made an excuse respecting the situation in which the crest should be painted, in order to get Mr. Harris down stairs into the show-room with my clerk, so as to give me five minutes to myself with the check. I made the most of this time. Turning out from my pigeon-holes the bundle of correspondence for 1861 marked J, I drew out three or four of Messrs. Jondermain's letters of that date. One of them happened to be an advice of forwarding money, as follows:

"Herewith we have the pleasure to hand you our draft on English and Irish Bank," etc.

Mr. Harris's draft appeared so far in order that it was also on the English and Irish Bank. Next for the signature. As nearly as I could recollect, the previous checks I had received from the firm had been signed "Jondermain & Co." Mr. Harris's draft was signed "John Jondermain." This might have been suspicious but for two reasons: first, the signature "John Jondermain" was, to all appearance, written by the same hand which had signed my letters "Jondermain & Co." I satisfied myself of this by comparing it with three or four letters. The handwriting in the body of the check was also the same. Secondly, it was not improbable that his son being away and not likely ever to return, Mr. Jondermain might have taken to sign drafts in his own name. At all events, having compared the handwriting, I saw no reason to doubt its being the same as the handwriting of many similar drafts I had received from the same firm.

Taking into consideration the familiarity of Mr. Harris with the son's illness, and some other circumstances about the establishment of Messrs. Jondermain; which I have not thought needful to particularize; his giving me the card of the firm; and the plausible reason for which he required change of the check (namely, being unable to get the larger carriage he wanted); and then adding to that, the similarity of the handwriting; I had no doubt of the genuineness of the draft. So when Mr. Harris returned to the office I began to write out a check for the thirty pounds change. I mentioned that my former drafts were signed Jondermain & Co., adding, that I had no doubt this one was correct enough.

"Oh yes," said Mr. Harris; "since his son has been given over, Mr. Jondermain does every thing in his own name."

I was about filling up the check "to the order of the firm," when my customer begged me to insert his name instead, giving as a reason that his account was debited by Messrs. Jondermain with the total amount of the draft for one hundred and thirty pounds when he received it in the morning, and that consequently my check would go into his own bank account. That this was not unreasonable those most conversant with business transactions of the kind will allow. Moreover, as he professed his indifference, after all, about the matter, I did as he requested, at the same time crossing the check to make it payable only through a banker.

With this last precaution, I was satisfied that, even supposing any thing could possibly be wrong, there would still be plenty of time to telegraph to Messrs. Jondermain, and get their reply, before the bank opened in the morning, when at worst I could stop my check. Accordingly, I agreed to deliver the carriage on the following day, and then had a quarter of an hour's chat with Mr. Harris, whom I found remarkably well informed on most topics. I smoked one of his cigars—a fine-flavored Regalia, but expensive; for it cost me exactly thirty pounds.

When he left I telegraphed thus to his firm:

"*To Messrs. Jondermain & Co., Gracechurch Street, London.*

"Received your check, a hundred and thirty pounds, for carriage, from Alfred Harris, and gave change thirty pounds. Reply if all right."

At nine o'clock that evening I got a reply as follows:

"We know no such person as Alfred Harris. Check forged."

I was about to take my hat to get a private interview with the bank manager to stop my check, when a neighbor, a jeweler in the town, dropped in. I told him of the circumstance; when my story came to the check, he said:

"I see it all; you're done. I changed your check this evening."

"*You* did!"

"I did. A gentleman called on me, purchased a small diamond ring for five pounds ten, and handed me your thirty-pound check in payment. 'I suppose you know that name?' he asked, with a smile. 'Oh yes,' said I, with another smile; and without more ado I gave him change. Wouldn't you have done the same, though it *was* crossed?"

It only remains to offer an explanation of Mr. Harris's manner of working this swindle.

I learned from Messrs. Jondermain that when I was doing business with them in 1861 they employed an office-lad for a short time to copy letters, and that, having found him out in pilfering stamps, and having also had information that he was a relative of the "Longs," they dismissed him. On turning to their letter-book of the date in question they found several pages torn out, among them the pages containing copies of letters to me on the subject of carriages. Supposing the boy to have stolen, in addition, a few cards of the firm, and a blank check or two, it is easy to make out the sequel. He takes them to his employers, the Longs, who hand them to one of their staff to study. Furnished with all the information required, and a fac-simile of Messrs. Jondermain's signature, "Mr. Harris" wanted nothing but an opportunity to use his knowledge.

If it be asked why I did not endeavor to trace Alfred Harris, the answer is that I did so the same night, and ineffectually.

WHAT PEOPLE USE FOR FOOD.

No two countries pursue precisely the same customs in regard to the materials used for food or the manner of preparing their meals. Statute laws vary too, amazingly, in defining what is suitable or unsuitable for the stomach of man. In the United States veal is good if the animal has lived long enough to have some firmness and development. In Ireland veal of the best quality is when the calf is slaughtered immediately after its birth. In England and in Naples snail soup is a great luxury. Sea slugs, a disgusting soft worm five or six inches long and nearly an inch in diameter, under the name of *beche le mere*, is in such demand in one part of the world that a very large body of men and vessels are employed in procuring them for home consumption and foreign demand. In Greece they eat five-fingered jacks, or, as they are better known, star-fish, cooked very much as lobsters are prepared. Who but a Chinese would have thought of cooking a birds-nest? In Paris there are markets for the sale of horse meat. If a market-man should attempt selling it in New York his name would be execrated by an insulted population, besides being punished severely for an outrageous violation of the laws of health. A luxury in Lapland is pemmican, which is frozen liver of seals, eaten raw, washed down by a stout bladder full of whale oil! There is no standard of universal acceptance in dietetics. Eat or be eaten is the unrepealed law of nature.

HOFF'S MALT EXTRACT is used for invalids in the Boston Asylum for the Blind, with excellent results.

THE New York Academy of Medicine has received a favorable report upon HOFF'S Malt Beverage from the Committee.

A PALATABLE tonic, an excellent nutritious beverage, and an unsurpassed remedy for Consumptives and Dyspeptics, is HOFF'S Malt Extract. Depot 542 Broadway.

WILLIAM MOLLER, Esq., has been cured of Dyspepsia by HOFF'S Malt Extract, which strenthens also weak lungs, and braces up the system.

FOR brown discolorations, called Moth and Freckles, use PERRY'S Moth and Freckle Lotion, prepared by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by all Druggists.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Climax of Human Ills

Is reached when the unfortunate invalid is a confirmed dyspeptic. Under the general name of "Dyspepsia," physicians have confounded various morbid states of the stomach and liver. In consequence of this confusion, serious errors in practice have been made; a set of rules applicable to a particular condition having been too frequently extended, without discrimination, to others wholly different. To simplify the matter, we will state that the term "digestion" is applied to the function by which the formation of chyle is effected from the various alimentary substances. In order to the production of chyle, the organs of digestion, viz., the stomach, intestinal canal, and liver, perform their several allotted parts. A failure on the part of the liver to secrete its due proportion of bile results in derangement of the whole set of organs, and that indescribably fearful and harassing malady known as "Dyspepsia" is the legitimate result. The indications are, clearly, to *act on the liver*; rouse it up from its torpor; set it to work secreting bile; establish its normal functions. Let the poor stomach alone, and in the name of humanity avoid incrusting its walls with "iron," or disgusting its sensitive coats with drenches of bad whisky under the name of "bitters." More than thirty years ago an intelligent and eminent medical practitioner discriminated between actual seats of diseased digestive organs and mere chains of symptoms. His discrimination led him on to the discovery of a *Specific* for diseased liver, and ever since the race has had the advantages resulting from the use of DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS.

☞ Procure the genuine article, manufactured solely by FLEMING BROS., of PITTSBURGH, PA., and be convinced of their efficacy. They can now be had at all respectable drug stores.

None genuine without the signature of
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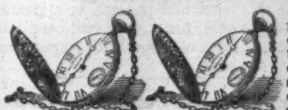

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